

THE ROUND TABLE.

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OFFICE: 132 NASSAU STREET.

WILL YOU LEND ME A HUNDRED?

MY name is Jones. I hold a clerkship in a certain bank at a salary of \$1,500 per annum. I have also a wife and four children. Certain extraordinary expenses attendant upon a recent addition to my family (a boy), and which, if you are a father, you will readily understand and appreciate, made it imperative that I should borrow the sum of one hundred dollars. The fact of my being a bank clerk, and, at the same time, under the necessity of negotiating a loan for so paltry a sum, may seem an anomaly; but, to confess the truth, I am somewhat sensitive, and I lacked the courage to appropriate funds belonging to others. It grieves me to thus betray my want of boldness, for I do it at the risk of forfeiting the respect and esteem of business men, who, I have no doubt, will condemn me as a person possessed of little stamina and no shrewdness.

I needed one hundred dollars. The object of this letter is not alone to inform you of the fact, but rather to picture the sensations of a man of extreme delicacy of feeling when suddenly called upon to play the rôle of a timid and unwilling borrower.

Let us imagine that to-day is Thursday. Two weeks hence to a minute I am, to quote the words of a wealthy Scotch gentleman of our neighborhood, "boondens doonan' praseribed" to pay to a certain party the sum of one hundred dollars in the legal tender of the Republic. The first step, therefore, is to select certain individuals upon whom I may call, and whom I fancy are under obligations to assist me through ties of consanguinity or marriage. Shall I go for aid to my uncle Blotter, my cousin Phipps, my brother-in-law Hopper, or my papa-in-law Robinson. The first is rich; the second is comfortably off, and a boaster of his charities; to the third I have loaned money; and the fourth loves me.

"Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte." I have chosen those who are to have the honor of contributing to my wants. I now feel somewhat relieved in mind; in fact, I assume a jocoseness and even buoyancy of manner that is extremely pleasing to my wife and family, or rather those members of it who are able to appreciate that I am their male progenitor. Four days pass by—each one, as it were, more enjoyable than its predecessor. On the morning of the fifth, however, I suddenly become a doubter. "What," I say to myself, "if neither Blotter, Phipps, Hopper, nor Robinson will accommodate me?" For several moments I am bewildered and overcome; but my sanguine temperament recovers from the temporary repulse and reoccupies the field of hope. The doubt, nevertheless, continues to haunt me. I determine, therefore, to exorcise the demon by inviting my relatives to a quiet party at cards, on which occasion I will cunningly propound certain questions on the

subject of small unsecured loans, which, no matter how cautiously answered, will give me a clue as to the possible success of my intended operations. I act immediately upon the suggestion, and dispatch my eldest boy—seven years old next March, and as fine a child for his age as I ever saw—with three notes, addressed respectively to Blotter, Phipps, and Hopper; Robinson I do not invite, for fear that my questionings may arouse his suspicions—he is a stock-broker—and give a severe shock to his dotting fondness.

Let us now imagine that my notes of invitation are answered affirmatively, and that my guests are quietly seated at the card-table. I do not give refreshments for obvious reasons. The game opens—in more senses than one—with Blotter and Hopper as partners and Phipps and myself as their opponents. It requires considerable diplomacy to introduce the subject uppermost in my mind. At last, after a thorough rehearsal of the opening sentence, I address myself to my partner: "Phipps," I say, "suppose a fellow should go to you—a man, I mean—that is, you know, a friend or relative, who was really hard up, and should tell you a straightforward story about his having had a baby—no, his wife, you know what I mean—and ask for the loan of a hundred dollars to help him through, to be returned in a few weeks; would you let him have it?" "Do! so!" answers Phipps, "I would show him the door." "Yes," adds Hopper, "that sort of thing is tried on me every day; in fact, it is of so frequent occurrence that I have a printed card which I hand to applicants, and which answers the best of purposes," pointing with his great thumb to the only entrance to the room.

The effect of the above reassuring replies is to induce me to play a lone hand—the game is euchre—the result of which is a count of two for our opponents. Could I give to any determined player of the game a better illustration of my utter prostration of mind? I need not add that my best efforts were given to an early dispersion of the cruel party.

I was beaten, vanquished, demoralized; my intellect failed to develop new combinations. I knew not where nor to whom to look, for my papa-in-law was losing money in Erie. My nights were sleepless, and my days miserable delusions. Each hour added to my sufferings, for the fatal Thursday was near at hand. On the morning of the dreaded day, I loitered until the latest train. Relief, however, came from an unexpected quarter. As I was crossing the ferry, I met my old friend Jack Brown. "Why, Jones," said he, "what's the matter? you look downcast." I took Jack's arm, and, as we walked towards the bank, I rehearsed my little trouble. "Come at twelve o'clock to my office, old fellow," said the generous Jack, "and I will give you a check for the amount." My misery was at an end.

Now, sir, although I am connected with a banking institution, I am an honest man. I paid the debt to my friend Jack out of the savings of a scanty income. I have a suggestion to make, however, which I fancy many a young fellow would like to see carried into effect. We have numerous capitalists among us who have more money than they can possibly use. I propose that with the surplus they establish a "Clerks' Loan and Trust Co.," the object of which will be to lend to clerks, and others with slender salaries, in the hour of necessity, small sums at a legal rate of interest. A chattel-mortgage or other security would insure the institution against loss.

If I am not mistaken, there is established in London a company similar to the one I propose, which not only pays good dividends to the shareholders, but is of vast benefit to a very useful class of the community. Many young men in positions of trust, rather than undergo the mortification and humiliation of borrowing

from a friend, are often, through absolute necessity, engendered by the want of sufficient salary, driven into speculations, great and small, that would never occur were it possible to obtain relief without the sacrifice of a certain false pride. Of course I do not allude to those who, like the unhappy Jenkins, have a taste for music and women, which may only be gratified at the expense of their employers.

CAN A HUMOROUS PERIODICAL SUCCEED IN AMERICA?

THIS is a question which has occupied the attention of a good many people for a good many years, and much diversity of opinion has resulted from their cogitations and experiences. The first *Yankee Doodle*, *Judy*, the *John Donkey*, the *Lantern*, the *Young America*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Mrs. Grundy* form a sabbatarian series of experimental data upon which might be founded an exhaustive discussion of the merits and requirements of humorous publications in this country.

In common with all men who have been "behind the scenes" of comic journalism, and aided in conducting the *experimentum crucis*, my convictions have undergone a complete transition from a hopeful affirmative to a despairing negative. Competent theorists will tell you, and with reason, that a really good humorous and satirical paper ought to achieve an immense success in a country like this, where so many and such various types of nationality and character are assembled; where a vast and exhaustless field for satire is offered in public and private life; where sectional peculiarities and individual idiosyncrasies stand out with such angular prominence; and where, by the rapid gains and losses attendant upon our speculative tendencies, odd figures are constantly advancing and receding in the social scale, like the shifting phantasmagoria of the magic lantern. But ask the experts—the publishers who have sunk thousands of dollars in such enterprises; the editors who have wearily toiled to separate exceptional wheat from general chaff; the writers who have spun their choicest brain-webs for the public blue-bottles; ask these men what they think of the possibility of such an undertaking, and you will get from one and all the same response: "It ought to succeed; but it won't."

In an article entitled "The Last American Punch," published in the third issue of this paper, the writer gives several reasons for the failure of *Mrs. Grundy* and her congeners, which, at first sight, seem plausible enough, but whose inefficiency may be easily shown by a brief consideration of actual facts. He says:

"The trouble with *Mrs. Grundy*, as with all its predecessors, was that it conformed to the type of comic periodical which would suit an English, not an American, audience. *John Donkey*, the *Lantern*, *Vanity Fair*, were all obviously modeled upon the London *Punch*, even to the size and make-up of the forms."

Now, as far as "size and make-up" are concerned, the similarity to those of *Punch* is undoubted; but this is simply due to the fact that that particular size has been found most convenient for immediate reading and ultimate binding, and that the "make-up"—the distribution of wood-cuts on the "outside pages"—hinges on the mechanical exigencies of the press-room. No size could be adopted which would not be open to adverse criticism as an apparent imitation of that of some one of the numerous periodicals at home or abroad, and that engravings must be placed in what printers term the "outside form" is a rule which applies to all illustrated papers. So much for the manner. With regard to the matter, even were it the fact that the style of the papers alluded to was "obviously modeled upon the London *Punch*," this would not detract from any intrinsic merits they

might possess. *Punch* himself is an avowed imitator, and prints his own alias of "The London Charivari;" but the English public have never thought of denying merit to a style confessedly borrowed from the French. To a certain extent, every new literary enterprise must be a more or less close copy of some antecedent model. One successful periodical having been established in any special walk of literature, whether scientific, musical, humorous, satirical, or critical, all subsequent labors in the same field necessarily bear a strong resemblance in general character to their prototype. But this resemblance is only generic, not specific.

The same article I have quoted above states:

"Had the projectors of *Mrs. Grundy* carefully studied and reproduced in better forms and higher types the successful specimens of purely American comic humor, both in matter and illustration, they would to-day have a prosperous and popular journal."

To this I reply, that "better forms and higher types" would, in most instances, do away with the essential characteristics of "purely American comic humor," which owes its identity to a rude, grotesque sense of the broadly ludicrous, and whose stamp of coinage is manifest in coarseness of phraseology. *Vanity Fair* attempted to quarry the vein of Americanism, and was for some time edited by "Artemus Ward," whose cacographic absurdities are to-day recognized as the most successful specimens of national humor; but *Vanity Fair* failed.

If, however, these "higher types" are to be found in the literary productions of cultivated Americans—if, as I deferentially submit, the highest instead of the lowest forms of composition should be taken to form a national standard—then have all our humorous papers since the *Lantern* been American in the best sense of the word. It is admirably said in a recent editorial in *THE ROUND TABLE* that "as far as relates to what is timely and novel, the journalist must consult popular feeling, and it is well to select popular topics; beyond this, to popularize journalism is to vulgarize it;" and a serious impediment to the cultivation of public taste in this country is erected by those who dwell upon the notoriety of Artemus Ward, Orpheus C. Kerr, *et id genus omne*, rather than the genuine excellence of Irving, Holmes, Lowell, Mitchell, Hawthorne, and other elegant authors, as giving tone to cis-Atlantic literature.

With the exception of Messrs. Barber and Shanly, both of whom have resided here long enough to become naturalized in style (as is sufficiently proven by the letters of the "Disbanded Volunteer"), all the regular contributors to *Vanity Fair* and *Mrs. Grundy* were Americans *pur sang*; American in turn of thought, in educational training, in all things which tend to the development of nationality; nor is it true that "the publishers of *Mrs. Grundy* complain that they could get neither writers nor artists capable of making a first-class paper." Their complaint referred to a dearth of readers, not of writers. A circulation which would return large profits to the publishers of a simply literary journal is inadequate to the support of one whose outlay for drawings and engravings amounts to two or three hundred dollars on each number. The actual expense of publishing *Mrs. Grundy* averaged \$600 per week, and when it is considered that forty per cent. discount must be made on all sales to "the trade," it will be seen that a circulation of six thousand copies would barely suffice to pay the current expenditures. As each purchaser of a paper represents five readers, we find that thirty thousand appreciative people must co-operate to establish a first-rate illustrated paper; and, humiliating as the statement may be, the really cultivated class of this community has not hitherto manifested its sense of refined humor to anywhere near that extent.

The next difficulty encountered by the projectors of such an enterprise arises from a want of *esprit de corps* among literary men—a lack of unity of action in the common cause. In England, men like Thackeray, Dickens, Jerrold, Hood, A'Beckett, Albert Smith, the Mayhews, Blanchard, Shirley Brooks, and others eminent in literature, worked with interest and vigor for the success of *Punch*; but here the case is different. Either from apathy, or the requirements of professional or professorial pursuits, the very men who

should take leading parts hold aloof from all participation, and the circle of available contributors is consequently narrowed down to some six or seven, who are overtasked by the amount of labor forced upon them. No kind of mental effort is so difficult and exhausting as theirs under the most favorable circumstances; but when, despite disinclination or physical suffering, a certain quantity of matter *must* be furnished every week, then is the worst condition of the slave enviable when compared with that of the humorist. As Dr. Holmes once said to the present writer, when speaking of the difference between a publication like the *North American Review* and one like *Punch*, "One lives by the *work* of wits; the other by the *play* of scholars."

Another, and at present an insuperable, obstacle to success in comic journalism here is met with in the artistic department. True, we have many artists who "satisfy the public taste," so far as the mass of the uncultivated public is concerned, and some few who address themselves to a more select audience; but we have none as yet who combine skillful manipulation with a high order of humor and keen perception of character, as did John Leech, to whom is chiefly due the popularity of *Punch*. No matter how good the literary contents of such a paper, its estimation depends mainly upon the illustrations, which first attract the reader's attention; and these cannot be procured in America equal either in conception or execution to those of European periodicals.

Again, the influence of the press, which elsewhere is lent in aid of light literature, is here withheld or thrown into the adverse scale. Minor "exchanges," to be sure, publish conventional, unmeaning puffs; but the more influential journals either pass by a humorous cotemporary unnoticed, or print captious, unfair criticisms, apparently prompted by the malice of "rejected" contributors. Except in the *Commercial Advertiser*, no rational, candid review of an existing "comic" paper has appeared in any of the daily journals.

Still another drawback arises from the fluctuations of political life in America. Our public men seldom remain long enough in office for the people at large to become familiar with their features and peculiarities. Caricatures of Palmerston, Russell, "Dizzy," and other prominent Englishmen are at once appreciated by every reader of *Punch*; but not one person in a hundred would recognize the portraits of more than two or three living American statesmen. In addition to this, less interest is felt in politics by the refined, educated class in this country than in Europe. Gentlemen here, as a rule, take but little part in public affairs, and are careless concerning legislation, save when it affects their own pockets.

Though laboring under none of the disadvantages I have mentioned, *Punch* struggled on, almost against hope, for several years before attaining a permanent position. In 1846, when Messrs. Bradbury & Evans assumed the publication, it was on the brink of dissolution, and was only revived by a large expenditure of money and an untiring energy in its business management.

Perhaps one of these days, when speculation in gold and petroleum shall have enriched the entire population, and further money-making yielded to the cultivation of *belles lettres*, some enterprising publisher may yet succeed in establishing on a remunerative basis an American humorous periodical; perhaps not.

A. L. CARROLL.

REVIEWS.

ANDREW JOHNSON.*

AMONG the literary misfortunes of our day is the mania for biography. Famous or notorious, distinguished or debased, he who chances to attract in any way the attention of his fellow-citizens is sure to have his biography written. The life of a murdered President stands on the bookseller's shelf side by side with that of his assassin, and the newspapers, draped in the deepest mourning for the death of a Lincoln, are at no more pains to chronicle his virtues than to unfold to their readers the vices of a Booth. Ere the

remains of Abraham Lincoln had reached their final resting-place, and while the people were mourning over the horror of his taking-off, more than one biography of his successor to the presidential chair, Andrew Johnson, were passing through the press. The latest of these is the one before us. It has the merit of brevity, and the fault of incompleteness. What particular fitness Mr. Frank Moore had for compiling a sketch of Mr. Johnson's life we do not know, beyond the popular impression that his is the pen of a ready writer. However, it would be unfair to criticize this portion of the book, as it is a mere compendium to its real subject-matter, to wit: a collection of the more important speeches of the present President. Yet so pretentious a volume as this, bearing the imprint of one of the first publishing houses in the country, challenges a closer inspection than would be given to a mere catch-penny affair issued to sell by reason of some popular excitement. We have, therefore, examined it carefully. The biography is tolerably well written, and that is all. The accuracy of its statements we do not dispute, but the style in which they are clothed is not up to the mark. It is marked by a redundancy of adjectives and adverbs which belongs to the schoolboy rather than to a practiced writer. Moreover, it is incomplete in omitting any allusion to Mr. Johnson's speech on the day of his inauguration as Vice-President of the United States. Such a book as this pretends to be should have stated fairly the circumstances under which that speech was made, and thus have settled for ever all the misgivings to which it gave rise. The value of the work, however, consists in the selections made from Mr. Johnson's other speeches. Of the nineteen speeches quoted, all but two refer to subjects directly connected with the late war—the most recent of which was that delivered to the Indiana delegation during the latter part of April last. The two which have no relation to the war treat of the veto power of the President and the Homestead bill, delivered respectively in the House of Representatives August 2, 1848, and in the United States Senate May 20, 1858. These, as well as the other seventeen, are marked by the vigor which characterizes all Mr. Johnson's public efforts. They are the best specimens of his oratory.

Precisely what position in the history of the United States Andrew Johnson will occupy, is yet to be determined. That he is a marked character is not a matter of doubt. The simple fact that he rose from the humble position of a country tailor to that of President is enough to stamp him as no ordinary man. After making every possible allowance for the comparative ease with which a skillful politician in this country may raise himself step by step in the political scale, no one can deny that the honor obtained by Mr. Johnson cannot be attributed solely to his cleverness as a wire-puller. He is much more than that. Every act in his career bears the impress of his own individuality. At the South, though a firm believer in the system of African slavery, he was always hard at work for the elevation of the poor whites. In short, the warp and woof of all his public efforts, the substratum of all his arguments on questions of public interest, is the inherent dignity of labor, and the claim of the laborer to all the rights and privileges that belong to any citizen. A natural result from this was a tendency to denounce what he termed the aristocracy, on the mistaken assumption that it was the foe of the laboring classes. This would be unpardonable in a man sprung from the higher ranks of society, but in the case of Mr. Johnson, who began life almost at the foot of the social scale, allowance is to be made. Yet, with all he has to say against the so-called aristocracy, he is himself a living witness to the fact that no insurmountable difficulty stands in the way of the success of any man in this country who rightly uses the talents and opportunities that God has given him.

Andrew Johnson is one of the few public men who deserve the name of statesman. Less cultured than most of his compeers in political life, less fortunate than they in the possession of social advantages at a time when one most needs the influence which they exert, he stands to-day abreast of all the men whom we call statesmen, and this irrelevant of his present official position. But what is a statesman? Certainly not a mere politician who worms himself into high office

* "Speeches of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, with a biographical introduction by Frank Moore." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1865. Pp. xlviii.: 494.

by adroit management of men singly and in organized bodies. Still less a cunning fellow who bestrides some popular hobby, and, appealing to the passions of the people, obtains their votes for himself. Nor is he deserving of the name of statesman who attaches himself to one set of ideas, important, perhaps, at the time that he adopts them, and persists in their advocacy though the issues to which they pertained may be sleeping the sleep that knows no waking. A real statesman is not necessarily consistent, as the term is popularly understood. His business is with the present always, the future at times, but never with the past. Particularly is this true with reference to our own country at the present time. The war has taught us this. Every turn of the political kaleidoscope has brought to view new combinations, each totally different from its predecessors, and overturning theories and platforms and pledges which an earlier condition of affairs had evoked. And he only deserves the name of statesman who recognizes each new event and its bearings as it comes before his eye in the great procession of the centuries; who, instead of struggling to conform events to his theories, adapts his theories to them, and by careful study of the past and present strives to discern the immediate future. Hence the one-idea men are not statesmen. They are often men of ripe scholarship, as in the case of Charles Sumner; sometimes they are orators of surpassing eloquence, like Wendell Phillips; but never are they statesmen.

Comparing Mr. Johnson with the criterion just enunciated, we claim that, in the five months that he has occupied the chair of state, he has evinced really statesmanlike qualities. From the very moment that he was sworn into office he showed that he recognized the responsibility attaching to it. As military governor of Tennessee, he committed acts which, to say the least, did not show that regard for constitutional authority that became one in his station; and subsequently on the stump, during the presidential canvass last year, he indulged in language which one could hardly excuse even on the plea of political excitement. But all this was done away with as soon as he became President. At once, then, was infused into his utterances a dignity of thought and expression which became him as the chief magistrate of the United States—a dignity, too, the want of which in his predecessor many very excellent people regretted. Sharing the general horror at the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Johnson was free to give utterance to that feeling, and was very emphatic in denouncing treason as a crime, and traitors as criminals for whom no punishment could be too severe. In this he but reflected the general sentiment of the community. Soon that sentiment began to change, and accordingly, and perhaps unconsciously, Mr. Johnson's opinions showed signs of modification. The tenor of his speeches soon became the restoration of the southern people to their old status as citizens of the United States rather than the penalties deserved by traitors. Day after day he has signed pardons for those who were engaged in the rebellion, and but recently has discharged from imprisonment, on their parole, three persons who, after Jefferson Davis, were the most prominent leaders in the late Confederacy. What were and what are his motives it would be foreign to our present purpose to inquire. The point we are aiming to make clear is, that Mr. Johnson, being a quick observer of affairs, is striving to conduct the government, not in accordance with any preconceived theories or previously expressed views of his, but according as the events of each day seem to dictate to be the best, and with a careful appreciation of public opinion. That he is acting prudently, the present attitude of the people toward him plainly shows. Not only has he retained the adherence of a large majority of the party which elected him, but he has compelled the party which opposed his election, and abused him without stint, to give him cordial support. And to-day we have the anomalous spectacle of two hostile political organizations vying with each other in lauding his administration. This is his triumph.

But President Johnson is "Tylerizing," say some. This is not so. John Tyler entered the White House bound by the same pledges which his predecessor had given to those who elected him. Mr. Johnson suc-

ceeded Mr. Lincoln fettered by no such restrictions. The republican convention which met at Baltimore last year contemplated solely the suppression of the then existing rebellion. It laid down a certain course of action, and nominated Abraham Lincoln to carry out that plan in case he were re-elected. Just as the war was brought to a successful close, Mr. Lincoln was slain, and Mr. Johnson became his successor. A new era had opened. Under one President all armed opposition to the government had been put down, and Providence assigned to another the work of bringing order out of confusion and of cementing together into one harmonious whole the states that, before the war, had rejoiced in belonging to a common Union. This was the task committed to Andrew Johnson. Experience could lend him no assistance in this matter. No party platform or private pledges restricted him to any single course of action. And as Mr. Lincoln won imperishable renown in having carried on a gigantic war to a triumphant end, so we may believe that Mr. Johnson's ambition is to restore in all its glory the Union of these states. This purpose may be traced in every act of his since he became the President. Less pliable than his predecessor, he is even more sensitive to changes in public sentiment, and his course thus far indicates that, while he will keep clearly in view the object specified above, he will never lose sight of the fact that he is the servant of the American people, and, within certain limits, but its instrument. Call this political shrewdness, demagogism if you will; it is still one of the first elements of true statesmanship. Grant that Mr. Johnson be a demagogue (which we do not admit), and you own that he will make every effort to ascertain the will of the people and execute it after that.

It is this type of statesmen that this nation sorely needs. The hurried march of events during the past lustrum has forced all thoughtful men to be chary of wedding themselves indissolubly to any political course that they cannot break loose from when circumstances warrant the change. We do not refer to those fellows who shift about so as always to keep on the winning side. Such are beneath contempt. But in the future, the men who are to rank as statesmen will be they who conform their action to current events rather than control them. Mr. Lincoln said that he merely drifted along with events, and some people sneered at the utterance. Yet he was right. And Andrew Johnson will best attain to the honorable position which it must be his ambition to secure, if in this respect he imitates Mr. Lincoln; and if, under Providence, he shall be the means of re-uniting in the old bonds of friendship the now separated states, and give to the country the Union as it existed in better days, but purified by the scourge of war, his name will rank in history beside those of the world's greatest statesmen and rulers.

S. H. E.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.*

THE late Archbishop Hughes was one of the most remarkable men produced by the Roman Catholic Church of this country. He did more to organize Romanism in the United States than any other person, consolidating it and making it aggressive. Under his energetic administration of the diocese of New York, for a short time, 1838-42, as coadjutor of Bishop Dubois, then as bishop to 1850, and afterwards as archbishop, he resolutely maintained what he considered the rights and prerogatives of his communion, and made the Roman Catholic influence to be felt as a political power, especially in the city of New York. His executive ability is undisputed. While he hardly had the sanctity of Bishop Cheverus, or the erudition of Archbishop Kenrick, or the polished dignity of Bishop England, he was superior to all of them in his keen insight of the needs of the church, in his instant and thorough application of remedies, in his control over popular sympathies and passions, in his zeal in building up ecclesiastical institutions, and in his sagacity in making use of all means and appliances to attain his ends.

Of his biography these volumes contain but a slen-

der account. He was born in the town of Clogher, county of Tyrone, Ireland, "in 1798," says his biographer in the first volume (p. 7); but Bishop Bayley, in vol. ii., p. 3, adds, "that was his own (Hughes's) impression, but I understand that he was mistaken, and that in reality he was born in the previous year." His father, a farmer of small means, emigrated to this country, and John followed in 1817, and lived for a time under a florist in Chambersburg, Pa. Here, we have been told, there was no indication of the ability he subsequently manifested. He was employed chiefly as a day laborer until he entered the theological seminary at Mount St. Mary's, Emmettsburg, Md. He was one of the men whose mental development is slow at first, and who need the friction and collision of life to draw out their full powers. In 1826 he was appointed to a charge in Philadelphia, and soon attracted general attention by his fervent oratory. His sermon in 1829 on Catholic emancipation was the turning point in his fame. In Philadelphia, too, during the fierce Hogan battle, he learned a good deal of ecclesiastical strategy. Bishop Bayley says, with a smack of irreverence, that "not the least difficult matter was to manage the old bishop himself," who was "cranky and obstinate." But Hughes kept "the ship off the rocks, and there were plenty of them." Here, too, he learned "the evils" of the trustee system, and sharpened his polemical weapons in the notorious controversy with Dr. Breckinridge. He came to New York in 1838, and resided here till his death, always ascending in the ecclesiastical scale, and fearlessly engaging in every conflict which seemed to promise advantage to his church. Reversing the whole policy of Archbishop Carroll, he carried out the consistent Roman Catholic theory of removing the management of church property from the boards of laymen. He also agitated the school question, and succeeded in divorcing the Roman Catholics from our public school system. Afterwards he discussed with Senator Brooks the church-property question, and, as the result of his efforts, procured the defeat of the laws he opposed, in the New York legislature of 1863, in the midst of our civil war, when Protestants had no time to look into the matter. He was sent by the government to Europe on a private mission, to aid foreign governments in understanding our conflict (which they did not wish to do). His tone through the war was patriotic, tempered, however, by such phrases as that "he was for the vigorous prosecution of our war, so that *one side or the other* should find itself in the ascendancy." During the New York riots of 1863 he issued a pastoral summons to the rioters, and addressed to them a remarkable speech, not republished in these volumes, and which may, perhaps, come under that period in which Bishop Bayley intimates that "disease had weakened his body, and, to a certain extent, his mind." He died of Bright's disease, and in the odor of Catholic sanctity, January 3, 1864, when, says his biographer, "he resigned his pure spirit into the hands of his Creator."

The career of Archbishop Hughes is a striking illustration of the genius of our national freedom. Our freedom, formed and trained under Protestant influences, offers an open path to all, even to those who denounce the fundamental principles upon which American society is built up. The archbishop began at the lowest stage in the social scale, and rose rapidly and unimpeded to the very highest position. If his religion were dominant in this country, would there be an equal freedom given to Protestants? Not if the principles of the Pope's last encyclical are thoroughly adopted and applied. Archbishop Hughes saw distinctly that in no country in the world, not even in the narrowing estates of the Church, is the Roman Catholic religion so free as it now is in the United States of America. Though in a large minority in New York state, it has changed the legislation of that state on the radical question of church property. More liberty is here conceded to the bishops of that church, in respect to the holding of property, than is enjoyed under any European government. The same is true of the appointment of Roman Catholic incumbents of sees throughout the land. Our danger, in fact, is that we shall concede too much rather than too little.

The late archbishop had the manners and habits of an accomplished and astute politician rather than

* "Complete Works of the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York, comprising his sermons, letters, lectures, speeches, etc., carefully compiled and edited from the best sources. By Lawrence Kehoe. 2 vols., 2d ed., revised and corrected." New York: Published for the compiler. 1865. Pp. 668-796.

those of a secluded ecclesiastic. He mingled easily in society, and was a favorite with many who did not share his religious convictions. His address was frank and manly; but under all his frankness there was always an object. He was a popular and persuasive orator, and addressed mixed assemblages with marked effect. And he was also fearless, loving, in fact, to be in the thick of the contest. He himself, and his friends for him, say that he was no politician, that he did not act with any political party. But this is hardly telling the whole truth. He used, with great skill, political men and parties to favor his own ends. He did not, perhaps, care to what party they belonged so long as they worked for him. It is undeniable that New York city affairs are to-day administered in the interest of the Roman Catholic Church. There is, of course, no record of a bargain; but we judge the tree by its fruits.

The contents of the two bulky volumes which contain the archbishop's works are chiefly controversial. About half of the first volume is filled with his various publications on the school question, and a large part of the second volume is devoted to the letters which he wrote in defense of the Catholic Church at various junctures. He was a skillful disputant. He always argued questions on broad, popular grounds, presenting the fairest side of his own cause, and trying to penetrate his opponent's with the shafts of ridicule. His learning was neither minute nor profound, and he always used only so much of it as was needful for his immediate object. To the elucidation of Catholic theology he has not contributed any essays; nor in the practical and contemplative parts of divinity has he added to the store-house of religious literature. He was a man of action rather than of reflection. Devotedly attached to his communion, he always saw and presented its most plausible aspects. A constant and irreconcilable foe of Protestantism, he only saw and stated its defects and weaknesses, exaggerating these to gain his ends. He defended the Papacy even to the verge of ultramontane views; but he did not enter into the distinctions made even by Roman Catholic writers as to the limits of the Papal power. Enough for him to hear the voice of the Supreme Pontiff. He defended the temporal power of the Pope without giving in his adhesion to the fable of the donation of Constantine. In style and method his sermons and addresses are much superior to his speeches and letters. Some of the sermons occasionally glow with noble thoughts, admirably expressed. But his permanent reputation will rest rather on what he did than on what he wrote. He found the Roman Catholic church of this country a prey to dissensions; he left it a consolidated power, conscious of its strength.

H. B. S.

LIBRARY TABLE.

"New System of Physiognomy; or, The Art of Knowing Men by their Eyes." By M. Aguirre de Venero. John F. Trow, New York, 1865. Pp. 323.

In certain respects this is a remarkable book. It contains an invocation, a dedication, a strange thing entitled "The Look or Glance," which is signed "Anon," and a personal sketch of the writer addressed to the reader. To whom the invocation relates the author does not disclose, but we infer that this honor is granted to Lavater, to whom the book is dedicated. A single citation will serve to show the style in which it is couched:

"To thee alone is it given to communicate the secret of thy science; lend me, then, thy strength on the arid way which leads thereto; cause to shine upon me the rays of thy knowledge; aid me and be with me in the intricate pathway in which thou hast placed me, and let it be thy delight in thy celestial life to present man each day more worthy of his great Creator."

We learn from the chapter entitled "To the Reader" that M. Aguirre de Venero, while a young man, adopted the profession of a soldier, and after finishing his military education devoted his attention, by way of pastime, to the study of phrenology, physiology, and physiognomy, the result of which occupation produced in him a marked disposition to observe closely and constantly those persons with whom he was thrown in contact. To the wonder of many of his friends (and, doubtless, to the Mexicans as well) he visited Mexico, and subsequently honored Cuba, Can-

ada, and the United States with his presence. Nor did this ocular enthusiast content himself with inspecting ordinary mortals. Thoughtful man that he was, he extended his observations to the inmates of jails and mad-houses, the result of which was to establish in his mind "the conclusion that there exists a universal language, known from pole to pole, and that this language is expressed through the medium of fixed and unchanging signs."

The three hundred and sixteen pages which this little book contains are divided into over one hundred and fifty chapters, some of which are quite as short as the famous chapter on snakes in Iceland, which was: "There are no snakes in Iceland." Though the work is dedicated to Lavater, the author frankly owns that his doctrines are those of Dr. Jaime Balmes, a Spanish philosopher, whom—to quote the words of the text—"I do not disdain to take as my model, as well in the present as in all other questions in any way related to philosophical questions." Blessed Balmes! But alas for Lavater! Long years of study and investigation has our author given to this puzzling subject of physiognomy, yet he owns that it would be impossible for him to impart the practice of it to another; just as the musician or artist may give instruction to his pupils without being able to impart to them the inspiration and skill which he himself may possess.

A large portion of the book before us is taken up with the anatomy and physiology of the eye, and arguments to prove that not merely transient emotions but traits of character are expressed by that organ; and the conclusion to be drawn is that he who has compared the two, to wit: the expression of the eye and the emotion existing simultaneously, can determine the latter by simply observing the former. Eyes are divided by the author into five categories, viz.:

First Category.—Eyes large, full, and pretty open; inner corner of the eyes well marked; eye-lashes long and silky; eyebrows undulating in more or less capricious waves. Intellectual part of the cranium strongly developed.

Second Category.—Eyes moderate size, pretty open; inner corners of the eye depressed; lashes common, not at all remarkable; brows almost even, with perhaps a stray undulation, but this not repeated.

Third Category.—Small, round eyes; inner corner imperceptible; lashes thin, not elevated; brows straight, without any undulation whatever.

Fourth Category.—Eyes depressed and hollow, the natural position of which is half open; eye-lashes coarse and not long; brows harsh, with here and there an irregular waviness.

Fifth Category.—To this category belong those eyes not strictly pertaining to any of the former; but which, from uniting to some of the characteristics of each other peculiarities easily determined, may form a whole similar to any one of the first.

Certain rules are next laid down to be observed in judging the physiognomy, the gist of which is, that the person examined should be in the enjoyment of good health; that particular attention should be paid to his temperament; that his state, and age, and also his position in society, should be known; and that the examiner be characterized by a strict love of truth. In other words—so it seems to us—as soon as you have found out all that can be learned about a person, then you can assume to pronounce judgment upon him by observing his eyes. What could be more delightful? What occupation more fascinating? But M. Aguirre de Venero goes still further, and describes the appearance of the eyes as indicating the human faculties and passions, each faculty or passion being treated separately. The classification adopted by him, we should add, is the same as that which obtains among phrenologists. Our space will permit of quoting but a few specimens from this part of the work. Under "Amativeness" we read:

"Eyes lively and sparkling, with a soft, coquettish expression; eyelids more generally half-closed than too wide open. The pupils fixed immovably in the very center of the optic axis; an air of suavity pervading all the other parts of the organ, and particularly the eyebrows, which are low and smooth."

The author truly remarks that "the language of this passion is at times extremely marked;" but declines to explain it fully, "leaving it to the reader's imagination to divine some details easy to be discovered, and which it would be unfitting to enter into too minutely." However, he cannot pass by lovers, and thus discourses about them:

"Under such circumstances [the meeting of lovers] the meaning of a look is tremendous; and if to that fixed,

fascinating glance be added the mere contact of a hand touching a hand, passion gains the sway, and danger rapidly draws nigh; because through that touch is conveyed a magnetic thrill that casts reason to the ground, and snatches from the two beings all consciousness to what is passing around them. . . . Parents, and mothers more especially, can never be too watchful in saving their children from such dangerous encounters, if they have a wish to preserve undisturbed the peaceful tranquillity of their families."

M. de Venero speaks feelingly on this point, for he adds:

"And let it be borne in mind that this advice is given by one experienced in the matter—a constant observer of human passions, and not yet exempted from their powerful influence."

The latter portion of the book is filled with physiological examinations of remarkable persons, and of animals. The first character subjected to the author's inspection is Moses, a correct portrait of whom, it is to be supposed, that he has seen. We wish, however, that he had selected Adam, pictures of whom, in an old family Bible, and subsequently in a Sunday-school instruction book, used to arouse our childhood wonder. But we are not disposed to be captious. Moses will do if we cannot have his and our great progenitor. We quote:

"Moses, born in Egypt in the year 1725 B.C. Eyes large and full; inner corner open; pupils large; general contour delicate and graceful; distances between the lashes and superciliary arch clear and well defined; brows arched and undulating, and strongly protuberant in the line of the vortex of the external angle, and terminating at the insertion of the nose in an upward point."

"Who does not observe in those eyes," triumphantly asks M. de Venero, "a something supernatural?" Echo answers, who does not? Here, however, we must take leave of this remarkable book; yet we almost dread to. Somehow we feel that M. Aguirre de Venero is looking into our eyes, with a view of ascertaining therefrom our character. He has written a book that we cannot consider of any value; still, by his own confession, he wanders about on the face of the earth gazing into the eyes of those whom he meets. Look out for him; and should you chance to make his acquaintance, our advice is—but pardon the slang phrase in which it is couched—mind your eyes!

Deutsches Balladen-Buch: Eine Sammlung Balladen, Romanzen und kleinerer Gedichte von Goethe, Schiller, Bürger, Uhland, Schrab, Körner, u. a. Mit Lebensskizzen, Einleitungen, grammatischen und sonstigen Anmerkungen, von Prof. L. Simonson, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. Verlag von De Vries, Thorra und Co. 1865. Pp. 304.

The reader of such English poets as have learned most from German masters might find an amusement not altogether idle in following the circle, which completes itself in these poets, and brings back to its English source, at last, a stream diverted from it into alien channels. He would thus learn, perhaps, to place less value on German ballads as original forms of expression, and he would certainly learn somewhat to respect the instinct of our poets who have returned by a foreign current to founts of genuine English poetry. He would taste in our old ballads the flavor which Longfellow has caught from Uhland, and, in some of the briefer lays, he would feel the sad sweetness which Miss Proctor has borrowed from Heine.

Gottfried August Bürger, whom the editor of this present collection of German ballads justly calls the father of this species of poetry in Germany, made deep study of its English sources. "Percy's Reliques" were published in his time, and to this book he went with an enthusiastic love, visible in the likeness which many of his ballads bear to the beautiful old poems in that precious volume. In Bürger the likeness is, of course, seen more obviously than in later German balladists; for in these, long absorptions from German soil have naturalized the exotic stream, and added new qualities to its native life. Study of Spanish ballads (next best after the English) has also contributed to alienate the German ballad from its English origin, but in all the modern German ballads this origin is more or less recognizable through the feeling, the movement, the quaint simplicity of diction, the refrain, the very mystic quality which a shallow criticism pronounces peculiarly German, and decries as an imitation of German when it is found in modern English poetry.

The great error of our poets who have returned to

our elder poetic feeling through Germany, is one that the Germans were too wise to make when they went directly to those enchanted springs. In turning the English stream into a German channel, Bürger did not seek to border it with English greenwood trees, nor blur it with Scottish mists. He directed it from the first through German scenes, and fed it with the vitality of German hills and valleys; while our modern poets, in diverting it again into our literature, have been too greatly taken with the charm of the foreign accessories. Undoubtedly, there is much in the lingering feudality of German social conditions which is favorable to balladry, and it is certain that the German ballads are the best and sweetest in the world of modern poetry. But there is a great deal also in the passionate intensity of our American life, with its vivid contrasts and dramatic vicissitudes, which is eminently susceptible of expression in the ballad form, and we are glad to see any effort, however affected and inadequate, to revive balladry in our literature—glad because it is the only species of narrative poetry which can be patiently received by this age, and glad because we believe the effort, though artificial in direction, is the result of a natural impulse. For this reason we should applaud the study of German balladry, and should forgive what is outlandish in the manner for the sake of what is true and natural in the feeling of its students. We believe, indeed, it is best to study our own old ballads by the light of German balladry, which is necessarily more modern in its tone and purpose, than to go directly to them. One sin, at least, the student of the German poets will certainly learn to shun—this sin which disfigures some of Longfellow's most beautiful poems: the intolerable *hæc fabula docet* of the moral which is "shut in the bosom of the rose;" the cheap device of making every free, wild rivulet of feeling turn a mill-wheel at last. In the German ballads there is nothing of this, any more than in our daily loves and hates, wherein events always leave the moral unexpressed. A graceful guise of purposelessness, in which the deepest purpose lies tacit, is what may be won from the study of German balladry, and one may learn from Uhland and Heine to even give effect to the bolder truth that

"Beauty is its own excuse for being."

to dare to say a pathetic and lovely thing without any motive except the poet's longing to touch another's heart.

We think the present collection of German ballads very admirable in all respects for the use of those who wish to turn readily to a variety of this sort of poetry, and to acquire an idea, more or less just, of the great poets who have produced it. The selections from each author are prefaced by a biographical sketch, succinctly written in English, about which hangs a faint, faint flavor of German—the quality which it might acquire from composition in a room odorous with meerschaums, and which leaves us in doubt whether Professor Simonson is an all but Americanized German, or an all but Germanized American. The notes, which do much to explain—perhaps, at times, too much to explain—passages of the ballads, do nothing to solve this doubt, and we respectfully present it to the reader into whose hands the books shall fall.

Concerning the selections themselves, we wish to speak particularly of the excellence of those from Goethe, and to express a high sense of the value of the "Ballad of the Count who was driven away and is come back." This is printed with Goethe's notes, and forms a most admirable study, in which the reader may find the key to the best secrets of balladry. On the contrary, the selection from Schiller, though very extensive, is not comprehensive nor satisfactory. Some of his finest ballads are not here, and there is a disappointment at their absence scarcely to be compensated by the fact that all which is here is good. The poems given from Bürger and Uhland are in contrast again with the unsuccess of the selection from Schiller, and afford a just idea of the range of those poets. Of Heinrich Heine no selection can give an adequate conception; all that he has written must be read if the reader would know that eminent genius in all its intricacy and caprice, and there are reasons besides the obvious ones suggested by the limited capacity of the book for not revealing all the wicked

wonder and beauty of that sorcerer's art in a work of this kind. From Chamisso, from Körner, from Rückert, from Schwab, and from Platen there is fair variety, and we are glad to have so many of Freiligrath's beautiful things presented here to the American student of German. Commonly, editors of collections do such scant justice to living poets that the exception is welcome.

Altogether, this book is equal to the purpose it seeks to serve, and it is scarcely the editor's fault if he has not been able to print in it ballads from all Germans who have written them, or that he has failed occasionally to give all that was good in those here represented.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

THE late Leigh Hunt left a work in MS. the existence of which is confined to the knowledge of the few who have seen it. Its title is "The Book of the Sonnet," and its design to cover thoroughly that rather "scanty plot of ground." Beginning with a prose introduction, which treats of the sonnet as a form of composition, and which surpasses anything yet written on that subject by any English writer, the graceful essayist passes to the earliest masters of the sonnet, the Italian poets, from the greatest of whom he selects liberally, commenting upon them and their beauties in his most felicitous manner—a manner as different from that of most of his contemporaries as it is superior to it in matter. The English sonneteers are then passed in review, from the days of Wyatt and Surrey to the present time. Then come the American poets, who have written largely in the sonnet form, producing, however, very few genuine sonnets. This portion of the work is from the pen of Mr. S. Adams Lee, of Philadelphia, a correspondent of Hunt's in the last years of his life, and the editor of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields's blue and gold edition of his poetical works. That a volume by so charming a poet and so delicious an essayist as Hunt should have remained so long unpublished is a reproach to the publishers of America, but one which is likely to be soon removed by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, who, we believe, have "The Book of the Sonnet" in press.

If there is one thing more than another for which we Americans are distinguished, it is a lack of reticence about ourselves and our affairs. As a people we have no keen sense of reserve, no delicate shrinking from publicity; whoever will, may gossip about us unchecked. Indeed, we set the example by gossiping about ourselves, or, at least, by putting ourselves in the way to be gossiped about. We live too openly, in houses which have no blinds, and whose walls have as many ears and tongues as Argus had eyes—a kind of hotel, theatrical life, stimulating, perhaps, to our cleverness, but not favorable to the home virtues, the domestic affections.

Take the matter of our weddings, for instance—the sacredest and most personal acts of our lives—how shamefully public they are! And how curiously we regard them when their anniversaries return; not as days to be thankful for, in that they gave us to those we love, making two one "till death do us part," but rather as rollicking holidays, compounded of New Year's, the First of April, and the Fourth of July—in a word, unmitigated Sprees. And latterly we have taken to celebrating them publicly, after the fashion of the Germans: a tenth anniversary being a Tin Wedding; a twenty-fifth, a Silver Wedding; a fiftieth, a Golden Wedding, and so on. Why the metals rather than the plants and flowers figure in their nomenclature we leave to future antiquarians, contenting ourselves meanwhile with chronicling the fact, and suggesting a series of paper synonyms suited to our present scarcity of coin. As, the Three Cent Stamp Wedding, the Five and Ten Cent Stamp Weddings and the Twenty-five and Fifty Cent ditto—the last two to be the equivalents of the German silver and gold weddings. Should Shoddy and Petrolia vouchsafe to remember their obscure nuptials, there are adjectives ready for them in the shape of Five-Twenties, Seven-Thirties, and the like.

It is no uncommon thing now-a-days, when one takes up his favorite journal at the matutinal meal, to light upon a paragraph to this effect: On Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Melchisedec Muck celebrated at their residence in Harlem their Brazen Wedding, the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage. Then follows a list of the guests, prominent among whom are the muscular clergy, beginning with the Rev. Rewarded Screecher and ending with the Rev. Dr. Windbag. Between these are sprinkled the names of lesser lights of the church, the bar, and the political arena, not forgetting our brethren of the quill. The house, we are told, was decked with flowers

presented by a large number of Mr. Muck's enthusiastic friends and admirers. As in duty bound, they brought each his, or her, offering in brass—one elderly gentleman, whose youth was passed in the pious solitudes of New England, bestowing a pair of old brass andirons, freshly polished for the occasion; an elderly maiden lady from New Jersey, a pair of antique brazen snuffers, which had once belonged to her grandmother; a wealthy deacon of Brooklyn, in the gas business, a brazen chandelier, with tubes to match; and a retired sea captain, a brazen trumpet, which he handed to the astonished bridegroom with the enigmatical remark, "There's a pair of you now!" The most appropriate, because the most brazen, gift of the evening, however, was of a different nature, not consisting of a trumpet or a gas-burner, but the presence and the impudence of a well-known philanthropist, like his famous namesake not unfamiliar with the interior of prisons, who brought himself as an unparalleled specimen of brass! Letters were read from Frederick Douglass, Artemus Ward, the Hon. Charles Sumner, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb, regretting their inability to participate in the festivities and wishing the whole metallic kingdom of happy returns of the day. The following poem, by Miss Delia Daisy, was read by Mr. Roland Jackson:

IMPROMPTU.

Dear friend, the thought must come to you,
And be a source of pleasure,
That he who soldered you so fast
Was something of a brazer.

We feel it, as we meet to-night
Beneath the gas-light blazing,
Surrounding you, like Israel
Around its Image brazen.

Heed not the sneers of copperheads,
Their vilest jeers undreading;
'Tis fit that you who bray so much
Should keep your brazen wedding!

Of course, no such celebration as this ever took place. But golden, and silver, and tin weddings, not entirely dissimilar to it, are of frequent occurrence. So frequent, indeed, that something should be done towards stopping them; or, since that seems hopeless, towards keeping them confined to the privacy in which they belong.

Mr. Joel Benton, concerning whom we said a few words in our issue of the 30th of September, in reference to an article from his pen, descriptive of a visit recently made by him to Mr. Fitz Greene Halleck, sends us a communication in reply, the substance of which is as follows:

"In the first place, I deny (without comment on what you call Mr. Willis's *original sin*) that simply to report personal conversation is an offense. Of course it may be; but each case is to be determined by itself, according to its measure of personality, the character of the matters exposed, etc. If I have offended in my article, what is THE ROUND TABLE's opinion of Mr. Emerson's 'English Traits'? The author of that book will not need a certificate of good manners from me; and if I am guilty, then he is tenfold more so. In the first chapter of the book, he speaks of visiting England in 1833—then a young man—and says that he was chiefly led to go through a desire to visit Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, De Quincey, and Carlyle. He sketches them with a much freer pen than mine, calling Wordsworth 'a plain, elderly, white-haired man, not prepossessing, and disfigured by green goggles.' On the eleventh page he says he finds nothing to publish from his diary of visits to places:

"But I have copied the few notes I made of visits to persons, as they respect parties quite too good and too transparent to the whole world to make it needful to affect any prudery of suppression."

"Compare this whole chapter with my article, which you garble but do not print, and I am willing to rest my case just here; nor will it be any answer to say that Mr. Emerson is an accredited genius and I am not, for questions of right and wrong cannot be so decided. Since my article was published, I have taken up the *Christian Examiner and Chronicle*, of your city, and find Mr. Bryant painted full length, which seems to have displeased him so much that he copies the sketch entire in a recent issue of his *Evening Post*.

"Your allusion to the Yates-Thackeray case is not pertinent. Mr. Yates's article was a caricature, abounding in minute personal description, and he was expelled from the Garrick Club, I presume, not for the sin of the article *per se*, but for a violation of the rules which govern a particular association. Yet, even in this instance, the press, I believe, took Mr. Yates's part; showed that Thackeray had often done the very thing of which he complained, and thought him sensitive and thin-skinned for noticing the matter."

Mr. Benton writes so pleasantly that we are loth to reply to him in turn, and only do so to state that our original opinion is unchanged, namely, that "to report personal conversation is an offense," and one which should be discountenanced. We cannot see the pertinency of his reference to Mr. Emerson, and what he did in his "English Traits," which were not published in 1833, when he visited England, but some twenty-five or thirty years later, when many of the persons whom he visited were dead; for instance, Wordsworth and Coleridge, the last of whom died, if our memory serves us, about the time of

Mr. Emerson's visit. We have not "English Traits" at hand, and cannot decide from our recollection of the book how far Mr. Emerson may have sinned in this respect, if, indeed, he sinned at all. But granting that he did, his example is no excuse for later and lesser sinners. The world condones in an Emerson what it punishes in a Benton. We have not seen the "full length" of Mr. Bryant which Mr. Benton speaks of; but he may rest assured that it was not copied into the *Post* by Mr. Bryant himself, but by some of his subordinates, without his knowledge, and probably during his absence from the editorial chair which he fills so ably, and in which he displays so little egotism.

In regard to the Yates-Thackeray matter, Mr. Benton is in error—the article by Mr. Yates not being intended as a caricature any more than his own. It was unjust, however, to Mr. Thackeray in one sense, as we believe his to be to Mr. Halleck in another. It is not true that the English journals sympathized to any extent with Mr. Yates, though many of them undoubtedly considered the author of "Vanity Fair" a little too thin-skinned—an opinion to which most of his American admirers subscribed; not, however, the present writer, or he would never have noticed the well-meant, but indiscreet, revelations of Mr. Benton, of whom, and in no unkindly spirit, he now takes leave.

The late lamented *Mrs. Grundy* is hardly in her grave before it is proposed to fill her place, or rather the place she attempted to fill, with a successor as youthful, not to say as infantine, as she was ancient and venerable. The adventurous aspirant is no less a personage than the mysterious hero of the game of Thimbles—that evasive, undiscussible harlequin, dear alike to the eyes and the pockets of verdant countrymen on race-days, "*The Little Joker*." He is to be manipulated by a well-known thimble-rigger—we beg pardon, a well-known humorous *littérateur*—under the *nom de plume* (we must ventilate our French) of "Phil-I-Buster"—a word the derivation of which is uncertain, but which, in this instance, probably foreshadows the future action of the editor, who will fill the journal with his own matter, which, of course, will be as dear to him as his personality, his *I*, and the result of which will be that it will *bust her*—meaning the journal aforesaid. Which *jeu de mot*, properly italicized, is the sort of thing we hope not to see in the columns of *The Little Joker*. There is room for a good comic paper, we are convinced, and it will come in time, each failure preparing the way for a success. The two requisites now lacking are an Editor and two or three first-rate comic artists; the writers, comic and satirical, we have, as *Vanity Fair*, and even *Mrs. Grundy*, showed.

The citizens of Baltimore are making arrangements, we are glad to learn, for the erection of a monument over the remains of the late Edgar Allan Poe, a project which was first broached, we believe, in the columns of the *Home Journal*. As the location of the poet's grave has not been generally known, even in the city in which he died and was buried, his admirers may like to preserve this scrap from the *Baltimore American*—an extract from a letter by one who knew him well: "His remains lie buried in an obscure corner of the Presbyterian burying-ground, corner of Fayette and Green streets." He was buried in his grandfather's (David Poe) lot, near the center of the graveyard, wherein was buried his grandmother and several others of the family. I furnished a neat mahogany coffin and Mr. Nelson Poe the hack and hearse. Mr. Nelson Poe, Judge Nelson, and myself, together with Mr. Charles Suter, the undertaker, were the only persons attending his funeral. Mr. Edgar Allan Poe was the son of the brother, David Poe, Jr., of my first wife, Eliza Poe, and was adopted by Mr. Allen, of Richmond, on the death of his father and mother in that city. He has a sister, Rosalie Poe, now living, who came to Baltimore a few days ago in very indigent circumstances. She was also an adopted child in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, of Richmond, on the death of her parents. Mr. Mackenzie died many years ago, and, with the exception of a few years, Mrs. Mackenzie has taken care of Rosalie ever since; but, owing to the ravages of the war, is in very limited circumstances, and has gone blind, and has advised Rosalie to come on to Baltimore among her relations. I have been thus particular in stating Rosalie's situation, in order that those ladies and gentlemen may not forget the sister of the great poet by contributing to her necessities at this time. Any information with respect to Rosalie Poe, only sister of Edgar Allan Poe, will be furnished by

HENRY HERRING,
"128 East Pratt Street, Baltimore."

Mr. G. W. Carleton's clever volume of sketches, "Our Artist in Cuba," is about to be republished in London by Messrs. Bell & Daldy, who are likely in future to preserve friendly relations with American authors and publishers

A member of the firm, Mr. Daldy, we believe, is at present traveling in this country.

The Riverside edition of Hallam's "Constitutional History of England" has just been adopted as a text-book by Harvard College, the authorities of which propose to follow it with the "Continuation," by Thomas Erskine May.

Mr. Robert Bulwer Lytton has lately written a poem, "The Apple of Life," which appeared in the eighth number of the "Fortnightly Review," and which Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have just issued in neat pamphlet form. The idea of this poem, which in many respects is a remarkable one, despite the measure, which, to our ears, is decidedly jerky, appears to have been taken from the Rabbinical writings of the Jews, which abound in strange traditions and legends; if original with Mr. Lytton, it gives us a higher opinion of his poetical invention than anything we have yet seen of his. "Owen Meredith," the *nom de plume* by which that gentleman is best known, appeared as a poet in this country two or three years before he published his first volume in England, his juvenile effusions seeing the light in the New York *Albion* under the heading of "Verses by a Harrow Schoolboy." Mr. Lytton, the English papers tell us, has lately had a son added to his household, which will be news to his American readers, who have hitherto been under the impression that he was still a gay bachelor.

FOREIGN.

The most noticeable representative books, if we may call them such, since "Mary Powell" and "The Daughter of Sir Thomas More," are "The Schönberg-Cotta Family" and its successors. The writer of this series of volumes, which has attracted a deal of attention, especially in this country, is Mrs. Andrew Charles, the wife of an English merchant or manufacturer who resides at Hampstead Heath, near London. She is said to be an excellent linguist, speaking and writing German like her mother-tongue; knowing Swedish sufficiently to translate its sacred poetry; having, in fact, all the modern European languages in ready use. Painting and music are likewise among her accomplishments. Mrs. Charles has been before the public as an author for a number of years, but most of her writings are unknown to us, whatever they may be to her own countrymen. They are of little value, we suspect, in comparison with "The Schönberg-Cotta Family," in which, we imagine, she first discovered her true vein. She is a poet, too, we learn; at any rate, she has published a volume of verse, entitled "The Three Wakings and other Poems." We give below a specimen of her poetical powers, written in the spring of 1862, when the relations of England and America were not as friendly as they might have been:

TO OUR AMERICAN COUSINS.

One people in our early prime,
One in our stormy youth;
Drinking one stream of human thought,
One spring of heavenly truth:

One language at our mother's knee,
One in our Saviour's prayer—
One glorious heritage is ours,
One future let us share.

The heroes of our days of old
Are yours, not ours alone;
Your Christian heroes of to-day,
We love them as our own.

There are too many homeless lands,
Far in the wild, free West,
To be subdued for God and man,
Replenished and possessed;

There are too many fallen men,
Far in the ancient East,
To be won back for truth and God
From cramping bonds released;

There is too much good work to do,
And wrong to be undone;
Too many strongholds of the foe
Yet must be forced and won—

That we, whom God hath set to be
The vanguard of the fight,
To bear the standard of his truth
And to defend the right,

Should leave the mission of our race,
So high and wide and great,
On petty points of prudence
To wrangle and debate;

That blustering words of little men
(With poisonous venom rife),
Who must be angry to be heard,
Should stir us up to strife.

Nay, side by side, in East and West,
In wild or heathen lands,
One prayer upon our hearts and lips,
One Bible in our hands,

One in the earliest home on earth,
One in our heavenly home,
We'll fight the battles of our King
Until his kingdom come.

Mrs. Charles is understood to be engaged upon a new work, a tale of the Puritans.

A correspondent of a late English journal has something to say of the grave of Charles and Mary Lamb, at Edmonton, which will interest and pain their admirers. "I shall assume," he writes, "that the visitor to Edmonton churchyard enters by the gate which is nearest to the 'Rose and Crown Inn.' The gate is always open. He must then take the footpath on his left hand, which passes by the north side of the church and then starts off to the left again. Going a short distance, he will see the gravestone on his right; the grave lies between two gravel paths. Near to Lamb's grave, and on its right, is a solidly-built stone monument to 'Gideon Rippon, of Eagle House, Edmonton, and the Bank of England'; on its left is an *iron* grave-rail with raised letters, which rail is to the memory of Mrs. Sarah Warner, and four children who died in their infancy. But what shall I say of the grave of Charles and Mary Lamb? It is overshadowed by Gideon Rippon's monument, trodden down and partly covered by nettles. This ought not to be its state. The lines which are on Lamb's gravestone were written by Wordsworth. I transcribe them:

"TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES LAMB. DIED 27TH
DECEMBER, 1834, AGED 59.

"Farewell, dear friend; that smile, that harmless mirth,
No more shall gladden our domestic hearth;
That rising tear with pain forbid to flow,
Better than words, no more assuage our woe;
That hand outstretched, from small but well-earned store,
Yield succor to the destitute no more.
Yet art thou not all lost: through many an age,
With sterling sense and humor, shall thy page
Win many an English bosom, pleased to see
That old and happier vein revived in thee.
This for our earth. And if with friends we share
Our joys in heaven, we hope to meet thee there."

The remaining words on the stone are: "Also Mary Ann Lamb, sister of the above—born 3d December, 1767; died 20th May, 1847."

He suggests that a public subscription shall be opened for the purpose of raising a monument over their remains. Should the idea be carried into effect we shall advise our readers of the fact, that America may do her share towards honoring this tender-hearted pair, who were sorrowful in their lives, and in their deaths are not divided.

The statue of the poet Uhland was lately unveiled at Stuttgart with imposing ceremonies. Herr Maier, of Tübingen, an old friend of the poet, read a poem composed for the occasion, and several of Uhland's most popular songs were sung, the proceedings concluding with Arndt's famous song of the "Vaterland."

A curious question involving the rights of authors and publishers has been raised, and will soon be submitted to a judicial tribunal in Paris. It is, whether a publisher who has already begun the publication of a book is justified in stopping it on the ground that the work is political, and may expose him to prosecution. In the present instance the book is M. Hamel's "L'Histoire de Robespierre," the first volume of which has already appeared. The publishers refuse to issue the second for the reason stated, being frightened, it would seem, by the late sentences in the case of M. Tridon's "Hébertistes." M. Hamel declares that his work is historical, not political, a fact or fancy, as the case may be, which the tribunals are to determine.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

AMERICAN.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON have in the press "The Cyclopaedia of Biography, a Record of the Lives of Eminent Persons," by Parke Godwin; "The History of the Episcopal Church of Connecticut, from the Settlement of the Colony to the Death of Bishop Seabury," by E. E. Beardsley, D.D.; "The Pilgrim's Wallet, or Scraps of Travel Gathered from Scotland to Switzerland," by Gilbert Haven; "The Poems of Elizabeth G. Barber Barrett," "History of New England," by Hon. John G. Palfrey, new edition, condensed; "The Poems of Estelle," and a new volume of essays by Henry T. Tuckerman.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co. announce "Esperance: a Novel," by Mrs. M. W. Lawrence, author of "Light on the Dark River," etc.; "Parables from Nature," by Mrs. Alfred Gatty, elegantly illustrated with fifteen full-page engravings by Tenniel, Harrison Weir, and others; and "The Dove Series," six volumes for children, with illustrations by Harrison Weir.

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., of Boston, will shortly publish "The Divine Life and the New Birth," by the Rev. James Craik, rector of Christ's Church, Louisville, Kentucky; "Family Prayers, with Forms for Occasional and Private Use," by the Right Rev. Henry W. Lee, D.D.,

bishop of the diocese of Iowa; Cushions and Corners, or Holiday's Old Orchard," by Mrs. R. T. Greene; "Christmas Holidays at Cedar Grove," by Mary Alice Seymour, new edition; "Ottobe's Stories for the Little Folks," translated from the German; "Follow thou Me," by the Rev. W. R. Huntington; and "The Sunday-school Choral," prepared by the Rev. Treadwell Warren and others.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, will publish from advance sheets, on November 11, "Our Mutual Friend," Charles Dickens's new novel, complete and unabridged, with all the illustrations to match their previous editions of this popular author's writings.

Warren F. Draper, Andover, Mass., has several theological works in press, viz.: "Whately's Essays on the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion;" "Lectures on Pastoral Theology," by Enoch Pond, D.D., of Bangor Theological Seminary; "A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Genesis," by James G. Murphy, LL.D., L.C.D., professor of Hebrew at Belfast, with an introduction by J. P. Thompson, D.D.; "Miner's Grammar of the New Testament Dispensation," revised by Professor J. Henry Thayer, of Andover Theological Seminary.

FOREIGN.

MR. BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR, the veteran poet, famous wherever the English language is spoken or read as "Barry Cornwall," has in preparation a life of his friend and contemporary, Charles Lamb.

Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, the young English poet, is about to publish his second volume, a tragedy entitled "Chastelard."

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has a new novel in the press, entitled "Passing the Time."

Mrs. T. K. Hervey's new novel, which will soon be ready, bears the romantic title of "Shooped Jessaline; or, the Honor of a House."

Mr. John Malcolm Ludlow has in the press a work on "Popular Epics of the Middle Ages of the Norse-German and Carolingian Cycles."

Mr. Sidney Blanchard announces a new work, "Yesterday and To-Day in India."

An illustrated edition of "Enoch Arden," with Pre-Raphaelite designs by Mr. Arthur Hughes, will soon be published.

Mr. Winwood Reade, author of "Savage Africa," is announced as the editor of a new novel, by Francisco Abati, entitled "See-Saw."

A selection from the poems of Wordsworth is in the press, with "A Critical Essay on the Life and Works of the late Poet Laureate," by Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave.

ART.

THE REPUBLICAN COURT IN THE TIME OF WASHINGTON.

MR. HUNTINGTON has chosen an extremely interesting subject, and one which cannot fail to be widely popular. But if it should prove so, it will be because the American people is easily interested and pleased; and because the subject, interesting in itself to Americans by birth, has never before been painted. There are no other pictures in competition, nor do we think of any other American artist who could have painted it nearly so well;—a remark which we hasten to qualify, lest it should be taken to mean too much, by saying that this does not prevent the picture from being unsatisfactory both as a collection of portraits and as a historical composition. But, much as we grudge praise to Mr. Huntington in this case, we are yet profoundly grateful that Mr. Ritchie did not give the commission to either Mr. Leutze or Mr. Hicks, Mr. Rossiter or Mr. Lang. We could have done without the picture for as long a time as it might have pleased Providence, and eaten our meals in tranquillity; but, if we must have it, and have it now, heaven be praised that we are let off with Mr. Huntington's mild inanities and spared the rude shock to our sensibilities which we always suffer at the hands of the other historical painters whom we have named. He who does not know what we have escaped, should fortify himself with a cool brain and a haughty courage, and look curiously at Mr. Rossiter's "Home of Washington after the War"—he can see it, for nothing now, in Goupil's window; or at Leutze's "Washington Crossing the Delaware," though the instructed say that this is as mild as moonlight on skimmed milk to his picture in the Capitol; or he might, if he could, look five minutes or so at Mr. Lang's "Last Hours of Mary of Scotland," or—but this should be done on another day, a day of leisure, when, if he should not recover from the sight, it would be of less consequence—he might get permission from the New York Club to look at Mr. Hicks's

portrait of Abraham Lincoln. After seeing these works, or any one of them, he would approach Mr. Huntington's picture with sentiments of something very like real respect.

The artist has doubtless chosen a reception given by Mrs. Washington in preference to one given by the President, because he argued that there would be more ladies present at the former than at the latter, and he knew that he could secure more picturesqueness by painting the ladies' dresses than the gentlemen's. We should like to take it for granted that he had been able to find either the very room in which one of these receptions took place or some description so accurate that we could believe ourselves on the spot; we should like to believe that pains had been taken, with any satisfactory result, to find out exactly what was the order of ceremonies, and what were the details of it. But we really have very little confidence in Mr. Huntington as far as these matters are concerned. We suspect that his principles are very tolerant as to all matters of historic verity, and that he has simply done his best to surround the members of this Republican Court with all the magnificence that was consistent with the least regard to probability. The room itself is well enough, the architecture probable, and the richness quite within reach of old-fashioned republican purses; but the open snobbery of the title, and the quite as open snobbery of the whole treatment, culminate in the absurd, the ludicrously absurd, introduction of a *dais* on which good, homely, unpretending Mrs. Washington stands in the supposed attitude, and as nearly as possible in the dress, of a queen receiving the homage of her subjects. But, if the *dais* is good fun, what shall we say to the shifts the artist was put to to get a canopy? Why did he not put one in directly, and make no wry mouths about it? Picturesque, however, as this would have been—and there was his opportunity for the favorite purple!—he had yet common sense enough to know that even our sucking aristocracy would laugh at it, so he has erected the *dais* before a recess in the wall, drawn apart the curtains which shut it off from the room—for what purpose? It is only a few feet deep, and has no window in it; and the useless, but picturesque, drapery hangs in long folds at either side. On this *dais*, then, and under so much of a canopy, stands fat, good-natured, commonplace Mrs. Washington, with a countenance painfully devoid of all expression, looking vacantly into space, evidently as uncomfortable as might be expected. Her maids of honor and ladies-in-waiting stand behind and beside her, and make with her the group that forms the left division of the picture.

This group presents some curious points. In front, at the extreme left, talking to nobody, noticed by nobody, and, to all appearance, herself a nobody, is—who does the reader suppose? No less a person than Mrs. John Adams, unquestionably the first woman in America, the one who exercised most influence in her time—the wife of one President, the mother of another, and the one who has left the most brilliant reputation behind her. No one can read her letters without recognizing her ability, her noble purity of character, her strong sense, her intellectual grasp of the times she lived in, and, as she was withal a woman of goodly presence, there is the less excuse for putting her where she never could have been in such an assembly, nor in assembly anywhere—in the background.

But, as if this were not bad enough—directly in front of Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, who stands half seen beside her, is a group of three persons—John Jay, John Adams, Alexander Hamilton. These three men were great and shining characters in our early history, and they belong in the foreground. But it is patent to the lightest observer that the artist has put John Jay in the immediate front for the sake of showing the red gown which he wears as Chief Justice, but which, of course, he never wore on such an occasion. This bit of red, however, is so remarkably and preciously picturesque that it is allowed to squelch Mr. Adams utterly, and permits nothing to be seen of him but a few square inches of bald head, and a feature or two of a face that, thank heaven, does not depend on Mr. Huntington's appreciation of its owner for recognition. Third in the group is Alexander Hamilton, and the artist has made him a striking enough figure, and, as usual with him, whatever there is of striking, is got at the expense of truth. Hamilton was rather short in stature, and thick-set, but Mr. Huntington has made him unusually tall. Next Mrs. Washington stands her grand-daughter, Nelly Custis, a smiling, graceful, girlish figure. This young lady, with Mrs. Rufus King, who leans upon the back of Mrs. Washington's chair—we beg pardon, "throne"—are the two figures in the picture that please us most.

Next to Miss Custis stands a most remarkable figure,

resembling the cherubs as they are usually painted in the great preponderance of the head and bust over the lower extremities. Whether this were a case of actual deformity or not we are not informed, but as the lady appears to be standing on a foundation of some sort, we may politely conclude either that she is a cherub *in posse* or else that Mr. Huntington has made her the victim of his singular inability to draw in correct perspective. Figures in the foreground are repeatedly smaller than those in the distance, and the result is that the insubordination of the parts of the composition to any central idea is apparently increased by this material insubordination of the drawing to any accustomed laws. Finally, this unlucky left-hand group, which contains so many of the chief characters of the time, treated with a lamentable lack of judgment, must needs astonish us by a stroke of malicious humor at the expense of one of the most notable orators of the day—Fisher Ames. He is actually standing with his back to the spectator, looking at a picture on the side-wall of the alcove. We see nothing of him but the back of his head, and even that indistinctly. This rather flat practical joke is not original with Mr. Huntington, it is borrowed from Southey, who in this way teases the reader whom he has promised a portrait of his "Doctor," a stupid personage we wonder any one should ever have wished to see.

In front of Mrs. Washington there opens a sort of vista, at the end of which appears President Washington acting as master of ceremonies, and leading up, to be presented, Miss Harriet Chew, who seems extremely agitated, and clings to the Father of his Country with a beseeching air that would undoubtedly excite his interest if he did not happen at that time to be practicing a position of extreme dignity, being the identical one in which he has just been painted by Mr. Gilbert Stuart, who is, with Mr. Huntington's usual discrimination, thrust into an obscure corner where nothing but his eyes and nose are to be seen—treated, in fact, with contempt; while that very inferior painter, and questionable patriot, John Trumbull, is made a figure of considerable importance. The real cause of Miss Chew's alarm, however, is the apparition of Governor Trumbull, who, in a very infirm condition, attired in a dressing-gown, appears to be quite out of place in so festive an assembly. This old gentleman, whose sole claim to distinction appears to be that he made a very good Governor of Connecticut, and was the father of that genuine Yankee, John Trumbull, whose trumpet has been blown more vigorously by no one than by himself, and who feathered his nest with a double wooden-nutmeg power of persistency at the expense of the nation, is made the central figure of this part of the picture, and disputes the claims of Washington himself. So, on the right hand, the right-hand group divides from the central figures, and in the opening so formed we see a venerable figure we think must be some person of note, and find that it is after all Mrs. George Clinton, no doubt a worthy lady, but certainly made the center of a main division of the picture with no shadow of reason.

The most important group as a part of the composition is the central one formed of five ladies, Mrs. Bingham, Mrs. John Jay, Miss Sophia Chew, Mrs. William S. Smith, and Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick. They are doing nothing, but stand and look pretty, and show their not very handsome dresses. Miss Chew's dress, in particular, does not look like a dress of the time at all, and Mrs. Smith, in painting whom Mr. Huntington could have had access to one of Copley's very best pictures—now unfortunately destroyed—is done no sort of justice to. She was a woman of the most delicate loveliness, and Copley painted her for his own delight in powdered hair, and muff, and ruffled mantua. She would never be recognized in Mr. Huntington's dull portrait.

But we do not need to go into further detail. We consider the picture a failure, although, as we have said, we do not know whom to ask to take the subject and treat it better. It is a good subject, and one that ought to interest every born American—for these were people of character; they were the men and women who gave the tone which our best society still retains, but which it is fast losing. This picture, however, is a loose, disjointed record; the work of a painstaking man of small capacity, who has no skill in drawing, only a weak and timid sense of color, and whose whole theory of art militates against the possibility of his producing a genuine historical picture.

Still it is not without a certain value; and, as we have said, we cheerfully allow all the praise that belongs to work well meant and done with all the maker's skill. It is not exactly Mr. Huntington's fault that his picture is not good, and whatever in it is worthy will be sure to hold its ground, and make its way to popularity.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1865.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

SOUTHEY, in one of his letters, speaking in a sort of apologetic way of his tolerance for Shelley, says that he had personally known Shelley, and that he never could feel bitterly towards any man whom he had seen, talked with, met in the social intercourse of daily life. And yet Southey was a man of acrid and intolerable prejudices—a good hater, if ever there was one on earth; and the opinions of Shelley, both religious and political, were the expression and embodiment of everything that Southey detested. This fact illustrates an important law in human nature, which is, that social intercourse, personal acquaintance, is of great value in the teaching of tolerance, and in mitigating the prejudices which are nursed in solitude, isolation, and estrangement. Prejudices, like funguses in the natural world, grow up in the shade of seclusion, and disappear in the sunshine and wind. All history teaches us that no parties are so dangerous as geographical parties, for in them there is no chance of the correcting and softening influence of personal proximity and social intercourse. The republican and the democrat, the conservative and the progressive, live in the same street, worship in the same church, buy and sell of each other; their children play together, the son of the one falls in love with the daughter of the other. All this tends to sweeten the bitterness which political differences naturally produce. Each sees that the other is a good husband, a good father, a good neighbor, and a good citizen. Each insensibly, and perhaps unconsciously, learns the lesson that where the life is so right the political creed cannot be all wrong. But when mountains rise, seas roll, and rivers run between men of different political views, there is no chance for these harmonizing, reconciling, mitigating influences. In the congenial air of isolation prejudices become fierce passions and differences harden into intense and hopeless antipathies.

In our own country we have had two great geographical divisions, North and South. We, of course, do not overlook the West, but the West is made up of contributions from both North and South, and partakes of the characteristics of both sections. Besides, the West is of later growth, and hardly was in existence at the time when that conflict between northern and southern ideas began which has continued ever since. Between the North and the South there was the great division of slavery, but this was not the only division. There were differences of soil, climate, and production, to say nothing of differences of race. From the formation of the Constitution, one school of constitutional interpretation and construction prevailed at the South and another at the North. And naturally enough, the men whom each section sent to Congress were those who represented most unqualifiedly the dominant ideas of each section, and so it has happened that of late years the debates in Congress have been little less than a series of criminations and recriminations, North against South and South against North. Every man who was willing to sacrifice local feeling to the general good incurred the reproach of being disloyal to the region which he represented.

All this was not only natural but inevitable. In a country of such vast extent as ours difference of occupations and interests, the growth of soil and climate, will create a difference in political views. Take, for instance, the question of the power of Congress to lay duties upon foreign imports for the sake of protecting domestic industry. The opinions of men

upon this subject have been molded by their interests. Where the exercise of such a power was favorable to the material development and growth of a state or a section, the statesmen of that state or section have found the authority in the Constitution; otherwise not. Louisiana is a southern state, but her sugar has led her in the same direction as her coal and iron have led Pennsylvania. In all this there was no hypocrisy, no untruth, but only simple humanity.

The ideas which have so long been in opposition have at last met in conflict; and, as has always been the result, the perseverance and persistency of the North have overcome the fervid impulsiveness of the South. And one of the trophies of victory is the extinction of slavery, and consequently the removal of the great dividing line between the North and the South. And we have reason to hope that in spite of the war, and of the ill-blood which for a time it must leave behind it, the North and the South will, in the future, rather converge towards each other than diverge from each other. And this hope is founded upon the belief that the intercourse between the two sections will be increased now that the bars of slavery are let down. And the more intercourse there is the more comprehension there will be, the more charity, the heartier acknowledgment of what is good, and the more readiness to overlook errors and infirmities.

We have long observed with regret the decreasing intercourse between the North and the South. The southern people come to the North to some extent in the summer, but less than formerly; but the northern people did not go to the South in winter. There was mutual ignorance and mutual misunderstanding. To the common southern mind the Yankee was typified by the itinerant peddler or clock-seller, who drowled in his speech, talked through his nose, sold wooden nutmegs, and was equally ready to lead in a prayer-meeting or cheat in a horse-trade. On the other hand, to the common apprehension of New England the southern man was a whisky-drinking, tobacco-chewing ruffian, with a loaded pistol in one pocket and a bowie-knife in the other, whose employments were horse-racing and cock-fighting, whose language was a series of oaths, and whose notion of liberty was the unquestioned right to "wallop his own nigger." Dr. Draper, in his "Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America," says: "Had the Southern states, for the last ten years, been pervaded by an unceasing stream of northern travel in every direction, the civil war would not have occurred." This is, perhaps, putting it rather too strongly, and yet he may be right. We have long thought that it would have been a wise thing if Congress had every year appropriated a reasonable sum of money to send twenty northern men to travel in the South during the winter, and the same number of southern men in the North during the summer. The benefits of such an interchange of visitors would have been obvious and striking.

The war has taught the two sections of the country to know each other better. The officers and soldiers on both sides have shown an ability and a courage which their antagonists could not but respect. The men of the South have learned the useful lesson that the North can and will fight upon sufficient provocation, and the North have learned that bullies are not always cowards, and that it was not possible to march with a single northern regiment to the Gulf of Mexico. Although it may seem a little paradoxical, we cannot but indulge the hope that the close of the war may be the beginning of a closer union than has before existed between the different parts of the country. History is not without precedents in support of such a hope. The real union between England and Scotland did not begin till after the suppression of the rebellion of 1745-46.

We must remember that a union between the different states of this confederacy must be either a union of consent or a union of force on one side and of submission on the other; there is no other alternative. We have an example of the former union in that between England and Scotland, and of the latter in that between Great Britain and Ireland. A majority of the people of Scotland, at this moment, do not desire to be separated from England; but a majority of the people of Ireland passionately desire to be independent of Great Britain. No one will hesitate to say

that it is much better to have a union of consent than a union of force; and in our opinion it is perfectly possible to have a union of consent between the North and the South, or, in other words, between the government and the states which were lately in rebellion. But to bring about this result it is necessary that there be some concessions and some sacrifices on our part. We, too, must be ready to forget and to forgive. A country of such vast extent as ours, with such various interests, feelings, passions, and opinions, cannot be ruled by a set of ideas which are peculiar to any one section. We believe, with Burke, that "all government, indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter." A union like ours is an inestimable blessing, and it is a law of God's providence that such blessings are not given without a price.

PLAIN TALK ABOUT OUR FINANCES.

THE speech of Secretary McCulloch at Fort Wayne advances sentiments which all sensible men will indorse; yet it is very doubtful whether the views therein enunciated can be carried out in the existing state of our finances. And so long as no decided change is effected, so long will high prices continue. During the war the unprecedentedly high cost of living was borne cheerfully by the people, because they were taught to believe that it was one of the necessary attendants upon a condition of war, and its pressure was relieved by the financial policy of the government, which raised the funds for expenditures by voluntary and forced loans under the name of issues of legal-tender paper money, while taxation was postponed to a late date. The popular ideas and phraseology fostered by government tended to fasten the public mind on the price of gold as the great regulator of all prices in the United States, excepting in California, which has always ignored the legal-tender act of Congress. The fallacies in regard to prices which were the growth of these erroneous teachings are gradually disappearing before the light of experience. The people expected that the prices of all commodities would fall as the price of gold fell, and that the establishment of peace would bring down the price of gold and the cost of living to a lower standard, and, as time progressed, to the same average range which existed before the rebellion. Mr. McCulloch, upon accepting, in March last, the position of Secretary of the Treasury, delivered an address to the clerks in his department, which is popularly known as his "specie-basis" speech. This speech was interpreted by many as an official assurance that a resumption of specie payments throughout the country would take place in the course of a few months. Influenced by this belief, the business community took to making short sales of gold in order to hedge against the losses on merchandise. The short sales were so far beyond the demand, that the price of gold fell rapidly, and threatened a grave crisis to our whole financial fabric. It was evident that the price of gold must continue to fall until it touched nearly par, just so long as everybody was possessed with the idea that a return to specie payments was near at hand, and they continued to sell it. Government bonds fell about 15 per cent. in the greenback price, and the same process simultaneously advanced their gold price about 60 per cent. In other words, the American holders of about two thousand millions of government bonds lost, by depreciation, about \$300,000,000 in their greenback market price in New York, while the foreign holders of about \$300,000,000 of 5.20 bonds were enriched by an advance of about \$90,000,000 in gold, equal to about \$130,000,000 in greenbacks. The crisis was imminent, and demanded immediate action. Mr. McCulloch was forced to recant all that he had said in his specie-basis speech, by publishing two letters, one known as his "California paper-money" letter, and another addressed to Mr. Carey, of Philadelphia. These letters of Mr. McCulloch checked the popular disposition to sell gold, caused a reaction upwards in its price, and thus arrested the disasters which threatened ruin to our mercantile community and grave embarrassment to government. The following table of the price of gold, from the stoppage of specie pay-

ments by the New York banks on December 30th, 1861, brought down to the present date, will make plain to every well-informed mind that its fluctuations in greenbacks, since it ceased to be money and became a commodity, have not worked as a regulator of the greenback prices of other commodities, excepting in so far as it forms a portion of the direct cost of imported merchandise:

Date.	1862.		1863.		1864.	
	Lowest.	Highest.	Lowest.	Highest.	Lowest.	Highest.
Jan.	102	105	131	160	151	160
Feb.	102	104	153	172	157	160
March	101	102	159	171	159	160
April	101	102	156	159	166	187
May	102	104	143	155	168	199
June	103	109	140	148	149	251
July	109	120	123	145	222	285
Aug.	112	116	122	129	231	262
Sept.	116	121	127	142	185	255
Oct.	122	137	149	156	189	229
Nov.	129	135	143	151	209	260
Dec.	139	154	147	152	211	244
1863. Opening.			Highest.		Lowest.	Closing.
January	225		244		197	237
February	202		216		196	203
March	200		201		148	151
April	151		169		144	146
May	145		145		128	137
June	138		147		135	141
July	141		146		138	144
August	144		145		140	144
September	144		145		142	144
October 1	144		144		144	144
October 2	144		144		144	144
October 3	144		144		144	144
October 4	144		144		144	144
October 5	144		144		144	144
October 6	144		144		144	144
October 7	144		144		144	144
October 8	144		144		144	144
October 9	144		144		144	144
October 10	144		144		144	144
October 11	144		144		144	144
October 12	144		144		144	144
October 13	144		144		144	144
October 14	144		144		144	144

Reference to this table shows that the lowest price this year, 1863, was touched in May, and since then there has been a steady advance, the highest point being 149, on October 6th, and after that ranging at about 145. This steady advance in the price of gold since the advent of peace has disappointed the people; the more so as the rates for foreign bills of exchange have ruled, on the average, about one per cent. in favor of the United States, and below the rate at which specie can be shipped profitably to Europe. In other words, the price of gold has advanced since May, while all the controlling commercial causes have indicated that it ought to have declined.

In explanation of this advance in the price of gold we state that the government, during June and July, allowed the receipts of gold from customs to accumulate in the treasury until they reached the sum of over \$45,000,000. Since March the government and national banks have added about \$130,000,000 to the paper-money issues of the country. These two movements, namely, the withdrawal of \$45,000,000 in gold from the open market and the increased inflation by government and the national banks, account satisfactorily for the steadily advancing tendency of the gold market. Reference to the prices of stocks sold on the New York Exchange shows the same panic and decline that took place in gold during the spring, and the same steady advance in prices since then.

During the rebellion speculation was rampant, based upon the immense issues of irredeemable paper money, and not upon the expansion of bank loans. The banks did expand during the rebellion, but only to take government loans—not to help business men. The business community did not avail themselves to any extent of accommodations from the banks during the rebellion, but carried on their operations without them. The stock speculation, based upon greenbacks, began in the spring of 1862, after the passage of the legal-tender act, culminated in August, 1863, when the highest average prices were reached in gold, although the spring of 1864, in different months, witnessed the highest quotations in greenbacks of some stocks, which were forced up spasmodically by the talent of a heavy stock operator, known as the "Rock Island Leader." The market collapsed, and ended the speculative era finally in the panic of last March. Since then the market has advanced naturally and against powerful efforts on the part of leading operators to depress prices, and also in spite of the startling incidents of frauds and forgeries, and the failure of the prominent firm of Messrs. Morris Ketchum & Son, with liabilities of about \$3,500,000 to banks and bankers.

The following table contains the greenback prices of leading stocks at four different periods, namely, in August, 1863, the spring of 1864, or the culminating

point of the stock speculation based on government issues of paper money; and also those of the final collapse of the speculation in March of this year on the advent of peace, and the quotations for October 14:

	Curr'y. Aug., 1863.	Curr'y. Spring, 1864.	Curr'y. Mch., 1865.	Curr'y. Oct., 1865.
New York Central.....	\$139	\$145	\$86	\$101
Erie.....	121	127	59	92
Erie preferred.....	111	116	79	83
Hudson River.....	149	164	88	100
Reading.....	124	165	89	117
Michigan Central.....	128	157	89	116
Michigan Southern.....	108	119	50	78
Illinois Central.....	138	138	93	138
Cleveland & Pittsburg.....	105	132	47	80
Toledo.....	123	157	91	110
Rock Island.....	117	149	86	106
Fort Wayne.....	130	152	78	127
Pacific Mail.....	230	225	285	225
Prairie du Chien.....	86	80	30	65
Totals.....	\$1,750	\$2,136	\$1,294	\$1,527
Price of Gold.....	125	184	150	145

The preceding table shows that leading railway shares, which were worth \$1,750,000 in greenbacks in August, 1863, advanced to \$2,136,000 in the spring of 1864, and fell during the panic of last March to \$1,234,000, and have now advanced to \$1,527,000.

The following table contains the prices of the same stocks at the same dates, calculated in gold:

	Gold, August, 1863.	Gold, Spring, 1864.	Gold, March, 1865.	Gold, Oct., 1865.
New York Central.....	\$111	\$80	\$57	\$51
Erie.....	97	70	35	65
Do. preferred.....	89	64	33	60
Hudson River.....	119	90	38	77
Reading.....	99	91	59	82
Michigan Central.....	102	86	59	82
Do. South.....	86	65	33	55
Illinois Central.....	111	76	62	97
Cleveland & Pittsburg.....	84	73	31	54
Toledo.....	98	86	61	77
Rock Island.....	94	82	57	76
Fort Wayne.....	64	84	52	72
Pacific Mail.....	184	179	190	158
Prairie du Chien.....	69	49	13	46
Totals.....	\$1,407	\$1,175	\$820	\$1,064
Price of Gold.....	125	184	150	145

This table of the prices in gold illustrates how foreign holders of our securities can be enriched by the same process which impoverishes our own citizens, or *vice versa*; for example, the highest gold average of prices was in August, 1863, while the highest greenback price was in the spring of 1864. In other words, the process which advanced stocks in the spring of 1864 about 25 per cent. above the prices in greenbacks in August, 1863, simultaneously caused a decline of about 16 per cent. in their gold value. Again, the lowest point in gold for our securities was in last March, and now they have advanced about 30 per cent. in gold, namely, from \$820,000 to \$1,064,000, while the greenback price is advanced only about 25 per cent., namely, from \$1,234,000 to \$1,527,000.

Besides the increase of about \$130,000,000 in the paper-money issues of the country since March, the banks are expanding in their loans, those of New York having increased about 12 per cent., or \$24,000,000, during the last five months, the actual figures being \$204,458,355 on April 1, 1865, against \$228,520,727 on October 7. The Chicago national banks have increased 25 per cent. in three months, their loans being on July 1 \$4,936,356, against \$6,220,124 on October 2. During the same period of time their lawful money has decreased, as they held about 40 per cent. more on July 1, being then \$6,423,978 against \$4,764,073 on October 2, thus showing that it is possible for banks to increase their loans in the face of a decrease in the lawful money they hold. The national bank-notes issued by government for the week ending October 14 amounted to \$3,615,750, and the total issue to date is \$197,798,380. The existing acts of Congress authorize a total issue of \$300,000,000, or \$102,301,620 more than at present. The progress of further bank expansion, therefore, cannot be checked so long as the present laws are in force; and until this be checked, prices of all commodities will continue to be high.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS IN BOSTON.

A HIGHLY respectable gathering of the solid men of Massachusetts, including a few persons from other states, was held recently in Boston to promote the study of what is called "social science." The meeting was held in the State House; Gov. Andrew presided at its organization, and a large number of representative men, with a small number of representative women, took part in the proceedings. The

most diverse characters—the extremely radical and the extremely conservative—were present. A plan for a permanent society was presented and approved by the assembly, apparently with unanimity, and now the "American Association for the Advancement of Social Science" presents itself to the world as a power by which much thought is sure to be developed, and from which much good may emanate.

This phrase, "social science," has the advantage of currency in England, but it is not a very felicitous expression for the idea it is intended to convey. "Social sciences" would, on some accounts, be better, for the human race is not likely to attain one comprehensive philosophy of social affairs or of society until the principles of many social institutions are far better understood than they are at present. The new association, like the British association on which it is modeled, is divided into four sections, devoted respectively to education, health, trade, and jurisprudence. Certainly, in all these departments we are far from having reached "scientific" laws or principles; and until we do, "social science," we apprehend, will likewise be anything but "scientific." But whatever may be said of the new name, the notion—which is by no means a novelty—of studying the phenomena of human society, and endeavoring to educe the laws which will contribute to the elevation of mankind, is not only obviously important, but is inviting to everybody; and any plan of concentrating attention on topics of pressing importance, awakening discussion, and publishing careful investigations, is likely to find favor. There is hardly any subject pertaining to the problem of human life which this society may not discuss.

The question was early raised in the meeting referred to whether this association should be a Massachusetts or a national organization. People were invited to assemble from various parts of the country; but, when they came together, it was still an open matter whether "the circumference" should be united to "the hub" or not. Some of the delegates felt a little awkwardly at this position of affairs, and proposed to withdraw; but a formal vote soon decided that the society should be "American." Professor W. B. Rogers, of Boston, was made president, four vice-presidents were appointed—one for each section—five directors, six secretaries, and a treasurer. Eminent gentlemen were placed in most of these offices; two offices of them were assigned to ladies. It looks a little odd in this latitude to find such men as Dr. Lieber and President Woolsey associated with Mrs. Dall in the management of a society for the promotion of social science; but it seemed to be a matter of course in Boston, and so, we suppose, it is all right. Most of the persons selected as officers are of acknowledged fitness for the positions to which they are called; and, if they intend to be workers in the new society, we may look for the best results.

There has never been a time more favorable than this to unite thinking men of various schools and political ideas in the thorough study of the institutions of our country, and their tendencies for good and evil. Heretofore slavery has divided almost all such projected associations. Now on that topic there is but one mind. Other social themes, though they may lead to exciting discussions, will never involve us in a civil war. The danger is, that so large a body as is now organized will include many persons of very moderate ability, who will occupy time and attention by offering the broadest platitudes and the most obvious commonplaces, or the most crude and unshaped theories, as contributions to the new branch of science. We trust that too many sensible men are engaged in these studies to tolerate empty and worthless declamations upon them. As Professor Rogers remarked, in taking the chair, a few carefully elaborated reports, based on protracted and accurate investigations, will do more for the good of mankind, as well as for the reputation of the society, than an infinite amount of immature suggestions and declamatory speeches.

The new society is to meet a short time hence to hear such papers as may be presented. We can then judge better than at present of its probable usefulness. It certainly bears, on the whole, a most promising aspect. We trust it will prove to be of great utility to our new-born country.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, October 16, 1865.

DR. HEDGE said at the Schiller centenary, here in Boston (now, indeed, ten years since), that he remembered the time when among us the name of that poet was an empty sound. Modern German literature, late in flowering, was long in making its way beyond the borders of the fatherland. Mackintosh, speaking of the time when Goethe had already acquired a name and Schiller was preparing for eminence, reckons that there were as many Persian scholars in London as German ones. And when, a few years later, Mackenzie introduced to the countrymen of Scott the genius that was brooding along the Rhine, there were eyes opened to the light that had never suspected so great a luminary. "Very few," says Macaulay, "of the accomplished men who used to dine in Leicester Square with Sir Joshua had the slightest notion that Wieland was one of the first of wits and poets, and Lessing, beyond all dispute, the first critic in Europe." Even so late as 1825 we find the "Edinburgh Review" pronouncing Goethe a vulgar writer, and his country's literature little worthy of Englishmen's regard. It was a year or two after this that Carlyle, in his famous essay on the letters of Germany, first set matters in a different light, and taught a new sentiment. Dr. Hedge said he well remembered the enthusiasm which that article kindled here in the circle of the chosen few who had already ceased to be benighted upon the subject. There had become a wider intelligence when Dr. Follen, in 1832, delivered at Cambridge his lectures on Schiller. It was the doctor who opened the portals of his native literature to Mr. Charles T. Brooks, from whom, ever since, we have had at times such trustworthy specimens of German poetry rendered into our vernacular.

De Quincey calls Schiller "the representative of German intellect in its highest form," and the characterization is not unjust. As such, his intellect is the best missionary that German culture has had. His name invariably recalls Goethe's. They are linked with the strongest associations; and all literature hardly presents a parallel of such a connection. Goethe, in his proud way, told his countrymen not to quarrel which was the greater of the two, but to be thankful they had both. Their geniuses are complementary, certainly, rather than affiliated. Goethe is just enough enigmatical and so artistic that the cultured few cling to him and give him a name as widely disseminated, but not so cherished, as Schiller's. The theater has been the great abettor of Schiller's fame in his own country. I have noted in the play-lists of German seasons that usually two or three performances of Schiller's are given to one of Goethe's, and often the preponderance is much greater. Coleridge contended that he had a hold on the commonality that Goethe could not aspire to. Fenimore Cooper remarked it in the days of his travels in that country. If we turn, on the other hand, to their respective bibliographies, we shall find Goethe far ahead in the number of commentators of all kinds that he has called forth. This is easily accounted for. "Faust" is as deep a study as "Hamlet," and its motive is just obscure enough to elicit a variety of comment. Schiller has nothing of the kind. His "Tell," for instance, is as clear as noonday. This result is also reached, doubtless, through Goethe's far longer life and the multiplicity of his works. If this argues greater interest in Goethe than in Schiller, it is the scholar's interest, and not that of the commonality. Go out of Germany and we find all this reversed. Then we find just the same predominance in favor of Schiller, in the number of translations and the variety of comment. This is not strange, either. Schiller's greater directness, his less enigmatical art, is more in favor with the English mind than the other's abstruser qualities. In the German catalogues, take a lifetime (1781-1851) from the first publication of the "Robbers," and there was not a year in which his name did not grace the new list of publications, either as principal or subject. In these seventy years I count some 500 different issues of his works or books connected with them, an average of some seven a year. The culmination of Schiller's fame—as far as such evidence can manifest it—was between 1835 and 1845; and turning to the English catalogues I find just the same marked prominence through the corresponding period and for a few years longer. Neither before nor since has his fame seemed to flower so profusely by the commentator's or critic's care. Before Carlyle's review there had been various issues of his works, beginning with "The Robbers" in 1792, followed first by other of his plays, and latterly by sundry of his poems. The earliest American imprint that I can discover is a version of "Don Carlos," published in 1834 in Baltimore, following which

I may mention (without certainty of having noted everything) two versions of "William Tell" (Providence, 1838, and Philadelphia, 1840), some of his poems (Boston, 1841), Mrs. Ellet's "Characters of Schiller" (Boston, 1842), "The Maid of Orleans" (Cambridge, 1843), a re-issue of Bulwer's translation of his poems (New York, 1844), of Carlyle's "Life of Schiller" (New York, 1845), a version of the "Netherlands" (New York, 1845), Calvert's translations of his correspondence (1845), and Brooks's version of "Tell" (Boston, 1847). Something may have escaped me up to this year, and I haven't just now the data to go on. Our American bibliography in this branch is greatly deficient compared with the English; but it would be careless to assume that the respective catalogues show the comparative growth of the admiration for Schiller.

The most popular of his plays with foreigners is doubtless his "William Tell," of which I can count at least thirteen different English versions. But of all his works "The Song of the Bell" is doubtless the best known, and it is not strange that a poem appealing to such universality of feeling should gain such a repute. Carlyle says of it, "It is every way a noble composition;" but that is not all. Bulwer calls it the greatest of his lyrics; nor is that all. The sum of human interest is condensed within its stanzas. "In all 'Childe Harold' there is not the purpose of 'The Walk,'" says Schiller's biographer; "in all 'Marmion' there is no glimpse of the deep and ethical meaning which exalts 'The Diver.'" We can say more of "The Song of the Bell," for it has the parallelisms of every life within its scope. It is a touchstone for every heart. It is this that has made it so popular. Every versifier by an instinct seems to turn to it when he has mastered its author's tongue. I could name some twenty-five different versions into English, among them Mr. Samuel A. Eliot's (which may be found in Mr. Longfellow's "Poets of Europe") and Mr. John S. Dwight's. The Germans themselves have made at least seven versions of it into Latin, and there are to my knowledge two in French and one in Italian. Wider research would doubtless increase this list.

I am led to these remarks by its recent issue with the imprint of Roberts Brothers, which gives Bulwer's version and Retzsch's outlines, making a very presentable volume. Bulwer's translation of the minor poems is among the many things he has done well without doing capitolly, and this particular subject does not invalidate the award. His stanzas have the ductility of an accomplished versifier; the meaning is always followed; but it wants in terseness and somewhat in geniality. What I mean is discoverable by reading Longfellow's "Building of the Ship" after it. There is a graceful ease and obviousness about the American poem that makes it in more respects than one a counterpart of the German; and it is precisely the absence of this in Bulwer's version that fails to mark it as first-rate. Still, considering the divergent idioms of thought—if my expression is understood—of the two nations it may well be thought that such an adequacy of rendering as I contend for is not compatible with absolute adhesion to the original. I certainly find, on comparing Bulwer's version with some of the others, that I could not place his second to theirs. There is not the same hesitancy about Retzsch's illustrations. They have been before the public for thirty-two years, and that public has never ceased to appreciate them. He has the same earnest heartiness that endears Schiller, and becomes his fit exemplar. With both the moral sentiments were strongly developed. He went to the depths of the psychological significance in "Hamlet," and that made his series of outlines of that play so powerfully impressive as a commentary. His admirers can but agree in pronouncing these illustrations of the ensphered life of the "Lay of the Bell" as among the best that escaped him—I say escaped him. We seem to feel that his designs emanate directly from within, and could not be restrained. I know no so good embodiment of all that is dear to the German home, and even the German heart, as these reflections of Schiller's deep-felt poem. I may say, by the way, that we have here in Boston, or did have, a copy of the "Madonna di San Sisto," by Retzsch, in the possession of Mr. C. C. Perkins, who owns also, I believe, one of the original drawings of "The Game of Life."

The books of the week from Ticknor & Fields are Saadi's "Gulistan," ntic Tales," Swinburne's poem, and "Good Company"—the last a gift-book, with engravings. The most noticeable are a new head of Lowell, more hirsute than that from Rouse's crayon, which has hitherto graced the volumes of his poetical works, and hardly as pleasing; a new head of Hawthorne, from a photograph, wearing a moustache simply, not so timid in air as previous likenesses, and more significant of a quiet good-fellowship; a new full-face head of Longfellow, with

the grisly beard he has worn of late years, and an expression that makes his years and afflictions very perceptible.

Little, Brown & Co. are carrying through the press the second volume of W. C. Rives's "Life and Times of Madison;" the work will require probably four volumes in all. Mr. Bartlett is printing a new impression of his "Familiar Quotations." The few typographical errors are corrected, and a few additional citations are inserted.

The principal item of interest in the arts just now is the shape which the memorial to the Harvard graduates who have fallen in the war is to take. A commemorative building, adapted to public occasions, is to be erected, and this special memorial is to have a place in it. The memory of Everett has been honored by a souvenir volume, gotten up chastely, accompanied by a portrait in the posture of oratory, and now we wait to see what Mr. Story will give us for an effigy to ornament some one of our public places. Mr. Ball was so successful in the head he made, just after Everett's death, that it was hoped among his friends that he would have been commissioned for the statue. He will probably furnish a bust independently, as a part of the total that is intended to be done. He is at present in Florence, working busily, I hear. Another statue is contemplated in the shape of a memorial to Colonel Shaw, who fell in command of his negro regiment at Fort Wagner. A committee has been appointed, and an equestrian effigy seems to be talked of, to stand on one of the terraces of the broad steps leading to the State House.

There are one or two matters of antiquarian interest just now. Rev. Mr. Dexter, recently in Leyden, made new discoveries relative to the residence of the Plymouth Puritans in that city, and caused a tablet to be placed upon the house where John Robinson, their pastor, lived—an account of which he gave the other day in an address at a meeting of the N. E. Historico-Genealogical Society. Dr. N. B. Shurtleff has been for some months printing a series of letters in one of our newspapers on the antiquities of Boston. I suppose no one knows the local interests attaching to every rood of ground in our city so well as the doctor. It has been a life-long study with him; and his methodical and exact way of combining what he knows, renders him very reliable. The series will well deserve publication bookwise when completed, and if it could be improved by engravings of the old localities and landmarks its value would be greatly enhanced. Some parties, anxious to make profit out of it, have exhumed the bulk of an old craft which was wrecked on Cape Cod in 1626, an account of which we have preserved to us by eye-witnesses. The vessel was of small burden—only about seventy tons—but that size was of importance to the infant colony. Her shape was peculiar, and the hole in the keelson shows she had but one mast. She was first discovered in the spring of 1863, after a storm which had washed away the marsh mud in which she was imbedded. An account of her was printed that same year in the "N. E. Genealogical Register, with diagrams." She was uncovered at that time for only a brief interval, the sea replacing the drift, when she was again out of sight, till the present projectors secured her remains, and transported them to our Common.

W.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, October 14, 1865.

OUR Academy of Music is nearly as large as that of New York, yet it was filled, on Thursday evening, with a more than usually intelligent audience, there collected to witness the reappearance of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean. It was curious, before the curtain rose, to hear old playgoers compare notes. "I saw Charles Kean," one said, "thirty-five years ago, first in New York and then in this very city, and also on each of his successive visits, and he cannot be less than sixty years old—because that is my age." Another said, "And I remember Ellen Tree nearly thirty years ago; surely, such a *Rosalind* never appeared on our boards! Slight as a sylph, delicately fair, graceful as a gazelle, sweet-voiced as a cherub, and handsome as—a woman. No foreign star ever shone with more brilliant and acceptable light. You will see the beau-ideal of a lovely and almost perfect actress." There came, amid this converse, the deep voice of one who has passed a long life in the courts of Themis, yet has never ceased to admire the drama and to cultivate letters—of one who, now declining far into the vale of years, saw John Kemble and Sarah Siddons play together, as *Wolsey* and *Queen Katharine*, fully half a century ago, and who ever takes care that all men shall know it. "You will be astonished," he said, "who saw Mrs. Kean as Ellen Tree, and recollect her as a slender, graceful, and even fragile girl, to learn that she is now some

months past sixty, and, you who speak of her husband as having played here nearly thirty-five years ago, forget that he then was barely nineteen years old. I saw them three or four years ago, at the Princess's Theater, London, in the play of 'Henry the Eighth'—which they will produce this evening—and Mr. Kean's *Wolsey* was full of greatness and grandeur in the closing scenes, but in a different style from John Kemble's rendition. But Mrs. Kean had become developed into a lady, comely and buxom, under whose solid tread the stage visibly trembled, as if, in truth, two Ellen Trees had been consolidated into one. If vastness be a great element of sublimity, then Mrs. Kean is sublime! Just at this moment the twanging of the orchestra ceased, the play commenced, and the octogenarian critic had to stay his recollections.

They were correct, at all events, if not quite gallant. The audience found that, in the eighteen or twenty years which had passed since the Keans had last played before them, time had made some unlooked for changes. Mr. Kean had grown graver, more dignified, more thoughtful. But few could realize Ellen Tree, the sylph of other days, in the comfortable-looking matron who played *Queen Katharine* in the play, and *Mrs. Oakley* in the after-piece. She played passably well, too, but with scarcely a vestige of her former and remembered style and effect. The Ellen Tree of men's memory had vanished. Kean's performance, level at first but finally rising into grand passion and exquisite pathos, was very acceptable. Their limited engagement here—for which they bring nearly an entire company with them—will be extremely profitable.

Mrs. Lander (late Miss J. M. Davenport) has concluded a fortnight's engagement at the Arch Street Theater. It was not very successful, though, as a novelty, a translated adaptation of Schiller's "Joan of Arc" was produced. Mrs. Lander, if the truth be told, is better suited for a stock company than for itinerating as a "star."

In my recent account of club-life in Philadelphia two or three institutions connected with it, in some respects, were not mentioned. One of these is the Press Club, which has no social character whatever, but is simply a confederation of newspaper reporters, editors, and proprietors, who are elected into membership in the usual manner, pay a reasonable entrance fee and annual subscription, and meet in convenient rooms in that part of Chestnut Street nearest to the center where newspaper offices most do congregate. The Press Club already has a respectable and increasing library, obtained partly by private liberality and partly from the proceeds of a performance at the Academy of Music. Papers upon literary subjects are occasionally read and discussed. This club is deficient, like the Athenæum, in the department of the *cuisine*. It has neither restaurant nor bar, but may be all the better therefore. This season a course of lectures will be delivered before the club, the lead to be taken by George Francis Train, whose amusing letter, accepting the invitation, noticed the fact that, at public dinners, the toast of "The Press" was always given near the close of the proceedings, "when," Mr. Train says, with more regard for truth than grammar—using a plural nominative to a verb in the singular—"when the reporters are *non est*."

The Wister Club, which once was the peculiar pride of Philadelphia upper-class society, must be counted, I fear, among the things of the past. It was established many years ago by the late Dr. Wister, a gentleman of ample means, personally and professionally, and consisted of a number of gentlemen, also in easy circumstances, who, in turn, used to entertain the members of the club, and certain eligible outsiders, on Saturday evenings in the winter and spring. At starting, this club was somewhat scientific and philosophical, new discoveries being discussed with a great deal of serious, thoughtful conversation, which rarely rose above that level into what is known as discussion. For a long time a sumptuary law restricting the quality and cost of the refreshments on these occasions was scrupulously observed. Dr. Wister, in his visits to Europe, had attended a meeting of the Royal Society of London, in Somerset House, and noticed there that tea and coffee, with bread and butter and crackers, were the only viands provided for the members, some of whom were princes and peers. His sumptuary regulation for the club in Philadelphia was somewhat more liberal, but still inexpensive. Gradually arose among the members the usual desire to make display, and when the last meeting was held, not long ago, the supper and the wines provided must have cost a great deal. The club, if not dissolved, may be considered in abeyance, without much prospect of being revived. When the war came in, the Wister Club went out.

The Union Club, like the Wister, is peripatetic, or, at least, an ambulatory institution. It has no determined locale. Soon after the rebellion broke out, some two

dozen gentlemen, holding strong Union principles, agreed to form a "Union Club," which should meet, in rotation, at the members' houses during the social season. The condition of membership was "unqualified loyalty to the Government of the United States, and unwavering support of its measures for the suppression of the rebellion," and the member who gave the entertainment had a right "to invite any persons, not members, to meet the club whose opinions are in harmony" with the above condition. In 1863-64 these entertainments were extremely handsome—which means very costly. One of them, given by Mr. J. Harrison, Jr., of Rittenhouse Square, one of our wealthiest citizens, must have cost fully \$800. The Harrison mansion, with its picture galleries and sculpture-rooms thrown open, was crowded, and the repast was sumptuous; the death of Mr. Lincoln prematurely closed these meetings this year, and it is very doubtful whether they will be resumed. If not, social meetings at the League House will probably take place instead.

On the other side of politics during the late war was the Saturday Evening Club, the members of which held democratic opinions and met once a fortnight. On these occasions there was no shibboleth, as at the rival Union Club—that is, the invited guest must not necessarily hold the political faith of his host. The entertainments of the Saturday Evening Club, like those of the Union, were extremely handsome. A sumptuary rule made cold suppers imperative, but terrapins were ruled in, served hot, as they ought to be. Champagne was also under prohibition, but I will not say that it did not sometimes appear, and disappear, without the infraction of the rule being complained of or even noticed. The Saturday Evening Club, it is understood, has ceased to exist. It may be re-established, however, under a new name and organization, for these gatherings are essential to high life in Philadelphia. Before the war they took place without regard to politics, which now have drawn such a wide line of demarcation even between relatives holding conflicting party views.

Next week, at our Academy of Music, will be held a fair, to continue for some days, the object being to raise a building and endowment fund for the Soldiers and Sailors' Home, an institution incorporated by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, in which those who have fought for their country and are honorably discharged may, in distress,

"Claim kindred there, and have their claim allowed."

and where the orphan children of soldiers and sailors who have fallen in the war will be supported, educated, and prepared for suitable vocations. In connection with this a daily paper will be published. At the great Sanitary Fair for the states of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland, held in Philadelphia in the midsummer of 1864, a similar attempt, called "Our Daily Fare," was issued with scant success. It was occasionally deadlively, but, though its editor was an unusually well-informed and highly popular newspaper man, it was not a *hit*. Its successor may be superior and more successful. By the way, in accordance with the prevailing practice of using large instead of expressive small words, the announcement of this fair daily does not state that such a fair will be opened or begun on such a day for such and such a purpose. It states that a "Grand Fair," etc., "will be *inaugurated*," and so on. The abuse, or rather the excessive use, of this large word, is one of the most palpable evils of modern authorship and oratory. Here, if a man begins the business of carpet-shaking and chimney-sweeping, he is said to have "inaugurated" it. In Philadelphia, above most cities, this fancy for swelling out sentences by the introduction of many-syllabled words has grown very rank of late.

R. S. M.

LONDON.

LONDON, September 27, 1865.

THE TOOTH OF TIME.

THE Duke of Bedford has refused to renew the lease of the hotel in Covent Garden known as the "Humdums," and celebrated above all others in London as the resort of literary and political celebrities of past generations. The duke thinks that the demands of Covent Garden Market are of more importance than this old landmark of history; and so, in a year or two, raw meat will be sold on the spot where Dr. Johnson used to take his chop.

The *Hants Advertiser* states that the famous St. Giles's Hill cheese and horse fair, near Winchester, which has been held annually in September for seven hundred years, will cease to be held after the present year. Mr. Hawthorne saw the very last Greenwich fair which was ever held, and it stands in his book on England the photograph of an ancient but now extinct institution.

The old Coventry procession, which, within the mem-

ory of persons now living, was held every year, is now held every four years, and there are vigorous efforts going on in one party of the town to abolish it altogether, chiefly on account of the "Menkenish" costume in which Lady Godiva appears. One of these processions—and, possibly, the last—is to be held next June. I visited the ruins of Kenilworth Castle the other day, and was surprised to find how much more advanced in decay it was than is indicated even in the common photographs made a few years ago. The Rev. Mr. Bickford, chaplain of the old chapel there, informed me that the advance of decay was due more to the claw of the excursions than to the tooth of time. "Excursionists," he said, "are the curse of the neighborhood; they not only ruin the ruins but corrupt the people for miles around." The Earl of Clarendon who has inherited this magnificent estate and castle, where once Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth at the rate of a thousand pounds a day (equal to three or four thousand now), is, it seems, too poor to keep a watchman there to protect the ruins; and the Rev. Mr. B. is urging him to charge a small fee, for the double purpose of keeping out of the grounds rowdies and small boys and of supporting a watchman. The two finest windows—those to the south of the banqueting hall—are likely to topple soon, which will be a national calamity. Next to Kenilworth itself, the most beautiful sight I saw there was a lovely young girl sketching, about whom I may, perhaps, quote from John Sterling's forgotten novel, "Arthur Coningsby," the following pretty sketch: "She bent slightly over her task, while a small fair world grew by still enchantment under her fingers. There was something eminently graceful and fascinating in the sight of the blooming girl silently intent on her task amid a circuit of beautiful ruin and natural verdure, moralized by solemn recollections. In that venerable prospect, man, his works, his faith, and his affections, were stealing away from age to age, while she, a spirit of youthful power, sat there, tranquil and lovely, and won from the lines and colors of decay the materials of a fresh creation."

Thus the formative epochs of humanity go on as definitely as those of the earth which preceded them; and a future race may geologize on us as we do now upon the splendid Kenilworthian fossils of the Elizabethan Rock.

TOMB OF COLERIDGE.

There is in the old region to the north of London called Highgate—made classic by having yet the houses once inhabited by Cromwell, Marlowe, and Coleridge, and the little plain cottage where Nell Gwynne, in her girlhood, "blushed unseen" before she entered that royal atmosphere where such flowers as blush do not grow—there is, I say, in this region, an old school called the "Cholmondeley (pronounced *Chumley*) School." By a rule of the founder, Cholmondeley, the lads of this school must attend church twice a day. As, in very cold or very hot weather, it is somewhat of a task for the pupils to go up and down the hill which is required by the nearest church, it was determined to build, on the site of a little old cemetery close to the school, a chapel. On digging away for the foundation, the head master came upon a small vault at the foot of a small stairway which had on it the letters S. T. C.; and presently the workmen were brought to a stop, and public attention called to the fact that this was the grave of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. I visited the spot lately. It is a simple tomb, fronted with an iron grating, behind which are small, square marble tablets, with initials marking the feet of the coffins: S. T. C. (the poet); S. C. (Sarah Coleridge, his daughter); H. N. C. (Henry Nelson Coleridge, husband of Sarah); and, lastly, H. C. (Herbert Coleridge, the poet's grandson, who was buried here as late as 1861 at the age of thirty—a youth who had at Oxford excited the highest hopes of instructors and friends by his genius.) This tomb will be kept just as it is in a crypt, over which the new chapel is to be built.

SHAKESPEARIAN.

The *Athenæum* recently asked: "Are we sure of a single fact in what is called Shakespeare's life? Sir William Penn has been said to be a suppressed character in English history. Is William Shakespeare another?" My belief is that Shakespeare skepticism is on the increase in England; and, indeed, it is quite familiar in the clubs to hear literary gentlemen question whether the Stratford actor wrote those plays. Lord Palmerston denies roundly that any stage actor of that or any period could have known so much of courts and cabinets as the plays reveal. Mr. Richard Grant White, of your city, seems not to share these doubts, but to be strongly convinced on certain points shadowy to others. I am tempted to criticize Mr. White a little, but must content myself with comment on one or two statements in his agreeable book. I should judge from Mr. White's saying that the cottage of Ann Hathaway at Shottery is like that of John Shakespeare, that he has not seen the two; for the two cottages

show sufficiently the great social inferiority of the Hathaways to the Shakespeares. Another point is, that in what Mr. White says about Ann Hathaway he seems to take this standpoint: Shakespeare at eighteen, having conceived a boyish passion for Ann Hathaway, who is older than himself, and being opposed in the matter, marries her with enthusiasm; repents afterwards when introduced into the society of cultivated ladies, and comes to abhor the woman who adds to her unworthiness of him the selfish sin of having taken advantage of his youthful passion, even if also she had not, as probably she had, a stain on her name. Now I think that the strongest probabilities can be adduced for this standpoint: Shakespeare, having in a moment of passion forgotten himself with Ann Hathaway, before without stain on her name, is forced into a marriage for which he has no relish by Ann's father, brother, and other relatives; that he lived with her but little afterwards, and always despised her; that she had no appreciation of her husband's greatness up to and at the time of his death, soon after which event she married, it would seem, a shoemaker of Stratford. When Mr. White speaks, therefore, of the house at Shottery as "the cradle of a poet's love," I am inclined to admit the cradle, but doubt the poet's love.

AN ENGLISH AND A FRENCH ADVERTISEMENT.

The following appeared in an English newspaper last Saturday:

ANY GENTLEMAN SUFFERING UNDER THE known system of hiring or employing some party to watch and keep the eye upon a person by overlooking him, fascinating, listening backwards to him (in Arabic, ILHAN), crying out of persons around him by word, act, or gesture: hawking, bewitching, blowing upon, setting a watch upon him, etc., whether for the purpose of obtaining charges of insanity against him, for other purposes, or from any other motive, is requested to communicate with L. P. T. Library, 88 Park Street, Camden-town, London, N. W., with a view to co-operation in obtaining recognition, by statute, of the notorious and well-known existence of the practice, and the enactment of a punishment as felony, Statutes 1 Jac. I. c. 12, etc., etc., for the offense.

N. B.—None but bona fide communications will be attended to. Number of Madhouses, 219, and Lunatic population 69,757, in the United Kingdom.

The following is clipped from a French newspaper. It relates to the chateau in which William planned the conquest of England:

A VENDRE L'AMIALE, LE CHATEAU DE GUILLAUME-LE-CONQUERANT.—Situé à Bonneville-sur-Tonques, à 3 kilomètres de Trouville et de Deauville et à 1 kilomètre de la gare de Tonques. Belle cour, jardin de dépendances, contenant 8 hectares, se situant sur la mer, sur la Vallée d'Azur, et les côtes environnantes. S'adresser à M. Jules Desportes, notaire, à Pont-l'Évêque.

Unusual advertisements are worth being put on record, as they may one day be of advantage to some historian of the nineteenth century.

SHERMAN.

In the course of a review of Major Nichols's "Story of the Great March," which it calls "one of the most interesting books which have yet been written upon the war," the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:

"If there is one fact in the history of the late war in America which all parties are agreed upon, it is that Sherman's march through Georgia and the Carolinas was the deathblow of the Confederate cause."

Of Beauregard the writer says:

"He seems to have been the McClellan of the South, and his excess of caution was one of the accidents which decided the war."

CONTINENTAL CLIPPINGS.

In France there are great complaints of the scarcity of game. *Charivari* sketches the meeting of two desperate sportsmen who have been scouring the country in vain without raising a single bird. One of them has a sudden inspiration. "Would Monsieur be so good, in the utter absence of game, as to let him have a shot at his dog?" "Ah," says the other, "I was just about to ask the same favor." Another picture represents a party of sportsmen in a frenzy of excitement because a partridge has been seen in a field.

Wiesbaden has been very gay this season. Among the royal visitors have been, besides the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Cambridge family, the Prince and Landgraf of Hesse, the Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Mecklenburg-Strelitz, one or two Austrian Archdukes, two Princes of Prussia, and a large selection from the minor personages catalogued in the *Almanach de Gotha*. Almost the whole of the Rothschild family were assembled here at one time, including the Baron James from Paris and the Baron Lionel from London. Literature was represented by Thiers and Victor Hugo, and a large number of singers and actors combined business with pleasure in a visit to Wiesbaden. On the 24th inst. Mdle. Adelina Patti appeared at the opera house as *Marguerite*, in Gounod's "Faust," and tickets were to be had only at a heavy premium. Although the summer season is about over, a winter season seems to be becoming

usual, on account of the pleasant climate and sheltered situation of the town. A number of Russian, Polish, and also some English families, have taken up their quarters here for the rest of the year. The Duke of Ossuna has arrived at the Victoria Hotel.

The municipality of Avignon, like that of Lyons, has, it seems, been revising the rules as to the right of the audience in a theater to hiss. There are to be three *débats*, at which no marks of disapprobation will be allowed. The public, having thus had an opportunity for calm and deliberate consideration, will be invited to express its judgment; the *regisseur* will read over the names of the performers, and if the audience has formed an unfavorable opinion of any of them, it can be intimidated by hissing; but nobody is to be hissed at for more than five minutes.

A monument in commemoration of a curious event in German history has just been erected at Dannenberg. The inscription on the monument (which is in the form of a pyramid, eleven feet high) tells the story: "Ellonora Prochaska, known as one of the Lützow Rifle Volunteers, by the name of Augustus Renz, born at Potsdam on the 11th March, 1785, received a fatal wound in the battle of the Göhrde, on the 15th September, 1813. Died at Dannenberg on the 5th October, 1813. She fell exclaiming, 'Herr Lieutenant, I am a woman!' See 'Forscher's History of the War of Liberation,' vol. I, p. 858. Dannenberg, September 16, 1865."

ENGLISH LITERARY ITEMS.

The admirers of the late rector of Brighton, the Rev. F. W. Robertson, who are, I believe, more numerous in America than in England, will be glad to learn that Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. will soon publish the "Life and Letters" of that very eloquent divine, who died in the moment of his greatest usefulness. Many of these letters were written in the course of a religious correspondence with Dr. Acworth, of Brighton, a homeopathic physician, who was, through Mr. Robertson's influence, converted from materialism, and who has of late years been a prominent believer in spiritualism. I have had the good fortune to read, in the proof, a large number of these letters, and can promise those to whom the records of a deep and rich spiritual experience are interesting a most valuable contribution. Mrs. Robertson has been married since her husband's death. Mr. Robertson's congregation have erected a beautiful tomb for him in the extra-mural cemetery at Brighton, on which fresh flowers are laid all the year round, and there is, in the ugly old Chinese pavilion there, erected by George IV., an admirable carving in marble of his noble features and head. His church is visited by many, simply because it was Robertson's; it is very dark and ugly. The strangers who attend on Sunday are charged a shilling apiece, and the sermon heard is never worth the money.

The lovers of gossip and of curious revelations are looking out with eagerness for Bentley's promised publication, "Harem Life in the East and Constantinople." Miss Emmeline Lott, the writer thereof, held the post of governess to his highness the Grand Pacha Ibrahim, of Egypt, and her opportunities for giving us gossip morsels were certainly unquestionable.

Gervinus, the venerable *savant* of Heidelberg, is popular in England, although he maintains that the appreciation of Shakespeare is dying out in Shakespeare's native land. The seventh volume of his "Geschichte des 19ten Jahrhunderts" has gained special applause among English readers and critics on account of its admirable sketches of O'Connell, Sir Robert Peel, and his ingenious account of the visit of George IV. to Ireland.

The scientific are looking forward with much interest to the Messrs. Longman's promised publication, the "Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals," by Professor Owen, on many accounts. It will, in the first place, be certainly a vigorous counter-statement to Professor Huxley's late Hunterian lectures on the same subject, in which he (Professor H.) maintains his old point of difference from Owen, namely, that the anthropoid ape has in his brain that Hippocampus Minor which Owen declares to be exclusively human. In the second, there is a rumor—that and no more—that Owen, whose opposition to the Darwinian theory has classed him among the scientific conservatives, is about to propound a theory of development more radical than Darwin's, and lying somewhat in the direction of the old "Vestiges of Creation" theory. But whatever may be in it, the publication of a great work in two volumes, with above 1,200 wood-cuts, on such a subject, by such a man, is a very important event.

A Manx clergyman, the Rev. W. Gill, gives the following explanation of the term "Fenian," from Dr. Kelly's "Manx and English Dictionary," a work written in 1756, but only now committed to the press:—"Feniaght, s., pl.

Fenece, a champion, hero, giant. This word, in the plural, is generally used to signify invaders or foreign spoilers, which inclines me to suppose that these Fenece were either the Feni of Ireland (for so were the inhabitants of Ulster called) or the Pœni or Phœnicians of Carthage. The stories told of the prowess and size of these giants are wonderful. (Irish, *fiann Erin*, a kind of militia)."

PERSONAL.

Dr. and Mrs. Cutting, who went out with Professor Agassiz to Brazil, have lately been in London.

Mr. Judd, who has been replaced in the American Legation at Berlin by Mr. Wright, is in London and sails for America October 4. Miss Rossiter, Mrs. Judd's sister, will be married to-day, in London, to a distinguished Russian baron, formerly chamberlain to the Czar.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrington left London on Monday for Berne, to which court Mr. Harrington has recently been appointed.

Tennyson and Browning are still summering *incog.* on the continent.

Professor Masson, the biographer of Milton, and who has been for many years editor of "Macmillan's Magazine," has had to resign that post on account of the pressure of literary duties.

The Dowager Duchess of Northumberland, the Count of Paris, Duke of Aumale, General Peel, Mr. Chichester Fortescue, M.P., and the Countess of Waldegrave, who have long formed a charming society at Twickenham, such as the shade of Pope, hovering about its old abode, would delight to see there, have had to fly from their delightful villas, on account of the filth and fog and stench which the new sewage lock pours into the Thames at that point.

The marriage of Earl Granville, Lord President of the Council, with Miss Campbell, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Walter Campbell, of Islay, was solemnized this morning at St. Mary's Church, Kensington. The church was crowded, and among the congregation were numerous friends of both families. The ceremony was performed by the vicar, the Venerable Archdeacon Sinclair. There were present on the occasion Sir John Acton, Bart., M.P., Hon. Frederick Leveson Gower, Lord Henry Gordon Lennox, Lady Jane Walsh and Miss Walsh, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. D. Bromley, etc. Mr. Campbell, brother of the bride, entertained the wedding party at breakfast at Middy Lodge, Campden Hill, Kensington. This afternoon the noble earl and his bride leave town for Dover *en route* for the continent.

NOTE FROM MR. T. BUCHANAN READ.

UNION LEAGUE, PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 30, 1865.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In your issue of the 30th inst. I find an article criticising very severely a picture said to be now on exhibition in Chicago, and purporting to be painted by me. I know not whether the censure is just or not, inasmuch as I never saw the picture, and consequently could not have painted it. I have never attempted to answer any criticism on my own works, but do not propose to be abused for the works of others. Hoping that you will do me the justice to publish this card, I am, very respectfully,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & Co., New York.—Union Fourth and Fifth Readers. By Charles W. Sanders. 1865. Pp. 46 and 600.

J. H. Colton's American School Quarto Geography. 1865. Pp. 119.

First Lessons in English Grammar. A Common School Grammar of the English Language. A Comprehensive Grammar of the English Language. By Simon Kerl. 1865. Pp. 168, 350, and 374.

The Union Speller. By Charles W. Sanders. 1865. Pp. 170. ALEXANDER STRAHAN & Co., New York.—The Sunday Magazine for 1865. Edited by Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D. Pp. 354.

LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia.—Afraja; or, Life and Love in Norway. From the German of Theodore Mügge, by Edward Joy Morris. 1865. Pp. 570.

A. S. BARNES & BUEB, New York.—Songs for the Sanctuary; or, Hymns and Tunes for Christian Worship. 1865. Pp. 434.

CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York.—History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. 1865. Pp. 480 and 508.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston.—The Poetry of the Orient. By William Rounseville Alger. 1865. Pp. 337.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—West Virginia: its Farms and Forests, Mines and Oil Wells. By J. R. Dodge. 1865. Pp. 276.

HENRY HOYT, Boston.—The Artist's Son and the Emigrant's Son. 1865. Pp. 222.

A. J. DAVIS, New York.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum. By Andrew Jackson Davis. 1865. Pp. 316.

From the *Utica Daily Observer*, Sept. 15.

FIRST PREMIUM.—BY REFERENCE TO THE
List which we publish elsewhere, it will be seen that the Singer Sewing Machines (both family and manufacturing) carry off the first premiums from the State Fair which closes to-day. It is worthy of remark that these machines are rarely seen at fairs, and the Singer Co. have not entered into the general scramble for premiums which has characterized the past few years. The agent in this city saw fit, however, to come out on this occasion in force; and notwithstanding the competition was sharp—the Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, etc., etc., joining in the contest—it was plain to be seen, when the practical tests were applied, that the "plumes" must be handed over to the Singer Machines.

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